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Joe Mitchell Chapple's

May-June 1933

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



SPEEDING OVER THE SUMMER SEAS

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HAMLIN GARLAND'S LITERARY LAURELS

FREDERICK CONVERSE, EMINENT AMERICAN COMPOSER

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*New York Times:* "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is profusely illustrated. Original etchings and drawings by Levon West add interest to the book, as do also the color reproductions of two Sorolla paintings of the dance from the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. For good measure, many interesting photographs are added. Mr. Chapple's enthusiasm for everything Spanish is contagious. His style gives the impression that he is representative of the type of care-free, jolly American whose broad and persistent smile carries him through every circumstance and where angels fear to tread.

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*The Charlotte, N. C., Observer:* Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

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Editor  
Joe Mitchell Chapple

Associate Editor  
George L. Keefe



## Just Between Ourselves

AS a preface to the contents of this issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, which is an evidence of overcoming difficulties, we are presenting a few of the jokes sent in by readers and friends as if to help drive away Old Man Gloom in these promising times of the new order of things.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Bishop was considerably upset upon receiving a note one Friday morning from the Vicar of a village in his diocese.

"My Lord, I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week end?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Wife: It's the furniture people come for the piano, George.

Husband: But I gave you the money for the next instalment.

Wife: Yes, I know, dear, but don't say anything. I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it downstairs, because I've decided to have it in the sitting-room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pictures of old-fashioned bathing suits show that girls once dressed like Mother Hubbard when they went for a swim. The 1933 styles, however, strongly remind one of her cupboard.—*Corpus Christi Caller*.

\* \* \* \* \*

MacGuire—I didn't see you in church last Sunday.

Hayes—I know you didn't. I was taking up the collection.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was poor but had excellent manners, while her husband was rich but possessed terrible manners. They were guests at a society leader's home, and while cutting his meat it slipped off the plate onto the floor. He started to pick it up, but she kicked him violently, and said in a whisper "Apologize—say something!" His face turned red, then white, and he grinned at the hostess as he said: "Tough meat slides easy!"



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*



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MAY, JUNE, JULY, 1933

No. 2

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Volume LXI

MAY-JUNE-JULY, 1933

New Series No. 2

## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



URING this eventful summer, national and international interest has centered upon the decisions of President Roosevelt spending the July days at the White House after his yachting vacation to New England. Few records of history reveal an instance where the decision of one man was so all-important in world affairs. The London Economic Conference was indeed a parley, in the dictionary sense of the word, for it was a conference with economic enemies with a view of peaceful adjustment. France with her gold standard allies was able to disturb the placid waters and bring Germany to her assistance in temporarily balking the plans of President Roosevelt. In the meantime, preparations for more hearings and adjustments to the salary cuts, grew apace. Soldiers in the army receive \$17.25 per month and the boys in the forestry camps receive \$30, while sick veterans of the World War are trying to find out where they are at, in the whirlpool of salary cuts in Washington. Director of the Budget, Douglas, is still trying to balance the figures of income and outgo. Revenue and beer signs everywhere foam into large figures, while other revenues decrease in proportion. As one man remarked "The net is nil." The dollar goes down, but the stock market goes up, and the general talk is that things are getting better and better every day on the Couie plan. The price of bread goes up with the price of wheat and Attorney Reichburg gives dramatic warning to the peace profiteers preparing for a real raid. The code of maintaining a wage scale inaugurated by the Recovery Commission is publicly applauded with fingers crossed by those who are expected to pay the pay-rolls. Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh are off on their flight to Europe via Iceland, Mattern is rescued in Siberia, and the cry for speed and more speed goes merrily on with new aviation paces without any definite idea of what it is all for or what we are going to do when we get ahead of the old schedule.

WITH her headquarters in Washington, Grace Morrison Poole has been one of the busiest organization executives in the country. The key note of her administration is "These United States." Mrs. Poole has truly assumed the duties of wife, following the suggestion of a bachelor statesman that what Uncle Sam most needs is a wife. The president of The Gen-

eral Federation of Women's Clubs has conformed to her formula of "Learning before leadership." For twenty-five years she has served in women's clubs in practically every field of their activities. She arose from the ranks of her home club in Brockton, Mass., the largest in Massachusetts, on to the state presidency, and later director, recording secretary, first vice-president and now chief executive. I have seen Mrs. Poole in action and observed the greetings given her by the members of clubs from all over the country. It suggested the beautiful story of Ruth and Naomi for few leaders have had more devoted followers than Mrs. Poole.

Mrs. Poole has always earned her way. History was her hobby after her marriage. Upon the death of her husband, she decided to enter the lecture field and then began long hours of study, years devoted to perfecting her art, miles of travels—as many as 200,000 of them in 21 different countries all of which have contributed to bring her to the heights.

During her term of office Mrs. Poole is spending most of her time at Headquarters in Washington, but when she is at home in Brockton she is apt to go down to Boston on Saturday, have luncheon with a friend and then go to a matinee. She loves life and drama is one of her hobbies, picturing as it does the lives of others; it brings to her genuine joy and complete relaxation. Sunday has its duties and pleasures. There are church and Sunday school with its class of lively boys in their teens. "I believe children are the greatest joy and asset that any woman can have in her life," says Mrs. Poole. "I try to fill the empty corners in my life with my class of boys." She has had a class since she was 16 years old.



Grace Morrison Poole

THE W. C. T. U. have elected a new president, the alert and vigorous Mrs. Smith of Iowa, who is promising a militant campaign by that organization in convention assembled. In the meantime, President Roosevelt is hammering away at the Repeal plank passed at the Democratic National Convention as one of the all-important remedies for national recovery. Mrs. Roosevelt, the First Lady of the Land, has taken editorial charge of a page in the *Woman's Home Companion*, and has set a precedent for freedom from official formality that is altogether refreshing. She has taken to the air in traveling. The Women's Congress in Chicago indicates



*Secretary of the Treasury Hon. William H. Woodin with a group of his fellow members at the New York Advertising Club*

that the gentler sex are not going to wait for masculine leadership in governmental affairs, calling attention to the fact that the advancement in women's rights in the last seventy-five years has progressed from the wife being a mere chattel as far as owning property was concerned to a positive force in public and economic leadership. The work of Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor has seemed to justify the advancement of woman-kind to high positions of public authority. There are some cynics who maintain that the next great problem will be the emancipation of man, if this thing continues and the prediction is made that a woman for president may come to pass in the next few decades.

\* \* \*

FROM the radio reports at London it would seem that Hon. Cordell Hull, our Secretary of State, has made a good impression in the way he is handling things. Close to the helm of the Ship of State are the President and Mr. Hull and his under secretary William Phillips, whose long and practical experience in diplomatic affairs has been of great assistance in smoothing out some troublesome wrinkles. Mr. Phillips remains close to his post at Washington and keeps in touch with the eddying current of events that are making history in these summer days. Mid the whirr of the fans and the stifling sultry weather, it is amazing how the President and those in authority can hold their temper in such temperature. The President has gained seven pounds in physical weight but is maintaining a sagacious watch for the whirlpools and varying winds which his experience as a yachtsman has taught him to observe closely in "making sail" and reaching a port of party platform pledges. There is no lack of courage backed by the realization that he has a power that has never before been conferred on any president in peace time.

\* \* \*

WITHOUT using the drastic methods of Hitler, the President secured an adjournment of Congress. Despite the good work they had done in passing the emergency bills, there is always a sigh of relief at the executive mansion and over the country at large, when Congress is not in session. The vacation days provide the members a chance to prepare for the next session—extra or otherwise—and to deliberate upon the results of the drastic medicine that has been prescribed for the tax-payers.

THE figures indicating the millions spent in relief work suggest astronomical calculations. Four hundred millions for road work and the other billions provided for the various states and cities, to say nothing of the vast sum expended on the reforestation



*Hon. William Phillips  
Under Secretary of State*

work equal to the maintenance of a standing army, constitutes a budget that future generations of tax-payers will have to shoulder. But, in the meantime, business is picking up, and everyone is hopeful that good times are on the way.



Hon. James M. Curley  
Mayor of Boston

MANY years ago there appeared in the pages of the *National Magazine* the portrait of a young man living in Dorchester in the neighborhood of the office. Elected a member of Congress after a campaign, which evidenced a self-reliant, vigorous personality he became a political leader. That young man was Hon. James M. Curley, thrice elected mayor of Boston. Even his political opponents and enemies admit that he has been an outstanding chief executive of the Hub. Few men in public office have been more thoroughly acquainted with the territory and people that they represent. His fame has extended far beyond the boundaries of Boston, as he has been for many years a prominent figure in the national councils of the Democratic party. When Franklin D. Roosevelt was first mentioned for the presidency Mayor Curley became his ardent champion in Massachusetts and New England. After the election he was prominently mentioned for a Cabinet position as Secretary of the Navy and other important posts, including ambassadorships to Italy and Poland and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Few men in public have been more equal to the occasion in speech or action than Mayor Curley. While he may decide to retire at the end of his present term, he enjoyed the summer in a visit to Rome, Italy, where he had hoped to represent the United States as American Ambassador. Intense in his friendships, he has run the gamut of political combat, but always seems to realize that he is mayor of the best city in the world

and his greetings have a ring of heartiness that have impressed many of the distinguished visitors to Boston town. The son of Irish immigrants, he takes great pride in presenting distinguished visitors with the shillelaghs that come from the native county in Ireland where his parents were born. The historian will be able to record busy days in Boston during the incumbency of James M. Curley as mayor.

\* \* \*

AL Smith, the Happy Warrior, twice candidate for the Presidency of the U. S. insisted that the day he received a degree at Harvard was the happiest of his life. He looked the part of a savant in stately cap and gown, but was glad to get back to his brown derby and fat cigar after the imposing ceremonies which declared him one of the scholastic members of those who were "on the list," and favored with a degree from one of the first colleges established in the United States.

\* \* \*

THERE are people living who voted for James M. Cox for Chief Executive of the U. S. A. in his race against Harding in 1920. The erstwhile Democratic nominee for president is coming back strong. Presiding at the first session of the London Economic Conference he proved one of the real leaders there assembled outside of the "brain trust," which included thirteen Harvard men closely associated with the administration who can outvote the Columbia group in a numerical poll. Professor Moley has returned home after some well-formed plans were thrown into discard and the vision of a "commodity dollar" appeared. There are students of finance who are unable to see any difference between the commodity dollar and the old fashioned greenback "fiat" money. France is still "pegging" the dollar more vigorously than they did the greenbacks of Civil War days when the world was using the American dollar and the Confederate bonds as a token with which to speculate upon the possible failure of the United States government as a national union of states.



The late H. P. Davison  
the War-time leader of the Red Cross



THE summer convention season has been unusually fruitful in supplementing the Recovery campaign. The Advertising Federation of America met in Grand Rapids, Mich. The delegates were addressed by Postmaster General Farley, Senator Capper and many



Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt receives a bouquet of her favorite yellow roses.

other distinguished public men. The publicity campaign has evolved most succinct and interesting human recovery exploitation material extant through the magic of advertising. The Secretary of the Treasury William H. Woodin is a member of the New York Advertising Club and has addressed the organization on several occasions. This may indicate a closer cooperation than ever before between the government and business. The Rotary International Convention elected John Nelson of Montreal as president and received a stirring greeting from Premier Ramsay MacDonald who insisted that the business man should take a foremost place in the ranks of ambassadors of world peace.

HOW refreshing to read the wonderful tribute to the late Henry P. Davison in these hectic times in a book written by his friend and partner, Thomas W. Lamont. With all the "hearing" excitement concerning the affairs of J. P. Morgan & Co., here comes a record of service by one of the partners, unequalled and unparalleled. Reading this volume would have saved time for the senatorial investigators. The facts and World War records reveal that as leader in times of emergency and distress and as an leader of the Red Cross in the most stupendous work of all its history, the late Henry P. Davison of the House of Morgan well earned the love and gratitude of his country. Although a close personal friend and partner, Mr. Lamont does not allow his affection to interfere in any way with the eloquent flow of facts that concerned the life activities of Henry P. Davison. Never can I forget the outpouring of love bestowed upon Henry Davison while he was giving his very life to the work of the Red Cross in France during the darkest days of the war. Modestly, he thrust aside anything that would applaud his personal service. His mind was concentrated upon the one thing—to do the job. Everyone of the millions of contributors to the Red Cross felt the impact of his magic leadership and the organization was transformed into a permanent and gigantic institution that will endure to meet future emer-

gencies calling for mercy and help. How his friends of today wish that he might have lived to have received a small measure of the credit due him. His career is also a startling revelation that there is another side to the picture of the large private banking concerns, aside from that of sensational revelations as to who's who on their personal list of customers and patrons who have joined them in financing corporations, even at great hazards that have brought losses as well as gains. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., may have a statement of assets and liabilities that is imposing even at this time, but the country can never fully appraise the work of such partners as H. P. Davison and others for the public service which they have rendered in times of national emergencies in maintaining the confidence that is always associated with prosperous days. Mr. Lamont has rendered a real service in giving to the world through Harper & Bros. a book of importance at this time to refer to by students of history who have a desire to get at the first hand facts concerning an outstanding public service in an unparalleled period of years covering war and peace, prosperity and depression. Every page reflects the broad sturdy Americanism specifically typified in the subject of the volume. The author began his career as a newspaperman, trained to cordinate facts and observation which make for an intelligent and real comprehension of current events.

HE month of July will be known as "Code Month" in Washington. General Hugh Johnson in charge has been rounding up the industries with true military discipline. Representatives of the various industries have gathered in Washington, preparing a code as to minimum wages and the hours of labor that must be provided per week. Some of the corporation managers have been slow to respond, but at the suggestion of the President a blanket code has been formulated that will be used, provided some of the industries are marked "absent" when the final code rollcall is made. The hoarders are still holding their breath until the decision is made



President Franklin Roosevelt, with a summer hat and broad smile, greets an admiring throng.

to publish names and begin action under the drastic move made by the President to check the hoarding that was so rampant during the bank holiday. The relation Recovery Plan of President Roosevelt has been heartily endorsed by Professor Irving, the distinguished economist of Yale.

# A New England Vacation Welcome

*Text of a Radio Address delivered over WBZ, on Sunday, June 25, by Joe Mitchell Chapple extending a special greeting to the Convention of Rotary International Assembled in Boston*

**W**HAT is so rare as a day in June?" sang Lowell, the poet of our beloved New England.

Already the hosts are gathering in Boston and New England to welcome vacation days! Thousands of visitors, soon to be "in convention assembled," are enjoying those rare days in June. To many thousands it is a homecoming; they may not all be natives; but for many New England is the land of their forbears.

Every American who has studied history has planned sometime or another to visit the historic New England sites and scenes where the nation began. There is something alluring in these memories and a charm in the landscapes and old homes in Pilgrim land, where America was in the making for one hundred and fifty years, before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

The winding streets of our city and the hotel lobbies are today filled with rollicking Rotarians. It is the first time that this great organization has ever met in Boston. Delegates from many countries and every state in the union will be present, making it a gathering of international as well as national importance. I would that the Mayor Hon. James M. Curley, a premier greeter, now on the high seas en route to Rome, were here to welcome the visitor for it does not seem like a convention unless his cheery voice is heard. Tomorrow the floodgates of greetings will be opened through the microphone, and every visitor to Boston, Rotarian or otherwise, if he listens in, ought to realize that he is given a hearty vacation welcome, to New England in the air.

Rotarian Conventions have been held in Europe and in all parts of this country, but it is felt the coming week will witness deliberations that will leave their impress upon world affairs. Rotary was the pioneer of luncheon organizations that met the tragedy of loneliness at noon day and the problems of true understanding are being discussed by a body of men in each city, representing all vocations and professions, gathered within one fraternal circle. The greeting from Premier Ramsey McDonald results that Rotarians and business men should take a foremost place in the ranks of Ambassadors of Peace.

**T**HE founder of Rotary, Mr. Paul Harris, who was reared in a Vermont home, will be present to give his blessing to the



*Bunker Hill Monument*

movement which has far surpassed his wildest dreams when he organized the first club in Chicago twenty-eight years ago. Many happy hours have I enjoyed in his presence and within the charm of the Rotary circle where are found friends who never fail.



*The Historic Rock at Plymouth*

From the very start, Rotary looked across national boundary lines and assumed international responsibilities. It has had much to do with maintaining the good feeling that still remains to work out the full fruition of a world Peace. Its very motto, "He profits most who serves best," has proven to nations that selfishness has not paid its promised dividends. As one editor has recently remarked, "Live and let live is not only good morality, but the soundest business and national policy."

The Rotary Convention in Boston will take its place by the side of the World Economic Conference in London as an all-important international gathering. The representatives, free from political bias and obligations, will doubtless voice the great heart impulse of the world for an adjustment of troublesome questions on a neighborly and just basis—for no controversial problem is ever settled until it is settled right.

**A**FTER the welcome I hear the visiting friends inquiring, "Where shall I go?" What shall I see?" Well, all this has been largely provided for by the efficient and well-organized committees; but I can hear the friend from the West and the South still insist, "I want to see Bunker Hill." Then there is Faneuil Hall—the cradle of Liberty, old Brimstone Corner, where "America" was first sung; Boston Common, where the cows grazed while the Minute Men were training for the decisive battles of the Revolution; old Granary Burying Ground, where rests the dust of many patriots; King's Chapel and Old South Meeting House, all within walking distance—if you are a good walker—along the paths made by the cows in early centuries.

Plymouth and Cape Cod established their fame as a playground three hundred years ago; Gloucester, Cape Ann and Marblehead are reached through the portals of that fascinating North Shore drive. Many conventions have already gathered at the New Ocean House beginning with the May-time flowers. At Nahant are rugged rocks and canyons suggesting a miniature Western scene, which surround the surf-bound retreat of the late Henry Cabot Lodge, while the impressive spectacle of Revere Beach en route, reveals the first public beach resort in the country.

Charming woodland retreats at Walden Pond, with memories of Thoreau, Lexington Green, Concord and the bridge immor-



talized by Emerson; Sleepy Hollow where Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, Thoreau, and Emerson rest on the Authors Heights, amid the lilies of the valley that open floral

bonds of a common citizenship of the world. the spectre of petty political ambitions fades beside that unity of comradeship and the fellowship fraternity of true Ameri-

from which have come a sturdy type of American citizenship that has done so much in building up the country "out where the West begins."

The ideals of New England hospitality I can applaud, from an experience of many years, as an adopted son from the midwest. It is not effusive and is not conveyed with mere words and empty phrases.

The earnest hospitality of New England insists upon your enjoying freedom in vacation days—not saying it in words, but opening wide the doors of a welcome in which one can feel the steady and steadfast comradeship characteristic of Colonial days. You are indeed in a homeland. A simple suggestion serves as a request, for when you have a welcome to the vacation land in New England—it is with the hope that the days spent among us will carry the magic of happy memories on and on through the years. The days will be perfect if each sunset finds a new pleasure added among new friends in dear old New England, glorifying the lines of Oliver Goldsmith:

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire

To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair:  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd

Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Indeed vacation days sound a call to arms—a call to the everlasting arms of Friendship opened wide in the kindly light of good cheer, o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent—country, valley, mountain and lake 'till a new day—the night is gone and the sunrise appears in vacation land. And there comes a glorious sunrise of welcome—this welcome to our own beloved New England vacation land.



*Immortalized in Song and Story—The Old North Bridge*

symphony of remembrance in the spring-time and continue with the glorious autumn time.

OF course, there must be a stop at the Wayside Inn, a visit to the Old Well at Scituate, where hangs the old oaken bucket that inspired the song; a tour of the fields of the Amesbury country where Whittier found Maud Muller raking hay. A pilgrimage to the original sources and scenes that inspired the literary outbursts that have made New England the pioneer land of American literature recalls familiar poems of school days.

Look over the map of Massachusetts and duplicate it if you can with any similar area of God's green footstool as a summer vacation land. It has inspired poets, philosophers and writers, and attracted the palatial and humble home builders from all the world. Even at this very hour President Franklin Roosevelt is in New England enjoying the incomparable rest and re-creative powers of this incomparable vacation land and seas.

The old Bay State and New England remain the source of inspiration for Yankee inventive genius and re-creative work—following those days when people took time to relax and think out things amid the natural beauty that three centuries ago attracted twenty thousand immigrants from old England in sailing vessels in two years time. The lure that brought them here remains, adapted to the most exacting demands of modern times—and I stand here to broadcast the age-old prayer of affection used to this day in proclamations concerning this State of the Union with all its blessings—"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

Tomorrow Rotary Convention will open with stirring songs and the enthusiastic spirit that dominates these national gatherings. Amid waving flags, music and speeches, people from all the states and many countries over the world unite in the

canism, that will endure as long as the memory of a defeat at Bunker Hill is glorified as a victory, and the Stars and Stripes represent a free and liberty-loving people.

Vacation days seem to carry on the fraternal spirit of the glorious graduation days. The frigid formalities are forgotten.

There is a kindly greeting of recognition on the street and in the car that is a relief from the cold stare of everyday non-acquaintance.

From the gilded dome on Beacon Hill to the shores of the harbor where the tea was dumped, and on out to the fair Blue Hills, radiates a spirit of hospitality that pervades "the Hub of the Universe" for the stranger within our gates in these halcyon vacation days.

We'll not forget Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket and the historic old whaling city of New Bedford as a side trip from the charms of Cape Cod where the sea and the land meet in the shadows of charming homes



*The Wayside home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Concord, Mass.*



# Now it's "Let's Go — to Chicago"!

*The Century of Progress — a Conception of Scenes of Wonderment that has never been equalled — An Exposition that is Graphic and Revealing and may not occur again in a Generation*

ON the itinerary query of "Where to Go?" in 1933—the answer is *Chica-go*. There is an imperative urge of "go" in the thought of the Century of Progress Exposition. It is the magnet that has focused the attention of the world for this eventful year of adjustments.

Arriving by airplane from New York, I looked upon the wonders of the Century of Progress Exposition on the hottest day of the year. It was certainly a hot time in the old town of Chicago. Before I got my breath on the first day, I was called to broadcast over NBC my impressions of the greatest scene ever presented in the way of expositions.

It's not all "ex position." It's not a Fair. It's not a comparison. It is a scene of wonderment at the dawn of one of the greatest eras in the world's history.

Passing the portals of the Field Museum, I saw throngs waiting outside, longing for the price of admission. I hope some philanthropist will provide a fund for boys and girls waiting outside to look in on this vestibule of human progress.

Yes, I brought a cane—he guessed my weight—proclaiming that I had 82½ miles to walk. Duly armed, I began the tour. Loud speakers on every corner brought music and a selection of continuous radio programs from some of the one hundred and sixty two broadcasting stations. Somehow it made walking easy, for everyone seemed to catch step to the rhythm of the march along the avenues lined with seats for the footsore and weary.

Every day celebrated something or other but the Century of Progress is something far beyond a carnival. It is the great hall of wonderment.

An appropriate overture was a visit to the Planetarium where the glory of the skies was revealed at a glance under a stately

dome where the starry heavens were reproduced in detailed miniature.

Then—on to the Federal Building and the Hall of States—a veritable climax, for here each state has an equal amount of space, and are gathered together in one great union of exhibits as neighbors and individuals as the stars in our flag. Close by and joined inseparably is the Federal Exhibit—the like of which has never been given by any nation in the records of history. Years and years of history are focused there—so that "he who runs may read" the matchless story of our nation and this incomparable Century of Progress, so gloriously commemorated in deeds and achievements

The order Forward seems to be emphasized along the roads to wonderlands.

The Hall of Science is a superb example of the new architecture is the heart of A Century of Progress. The building, in the form of a gigantic letter U, covers nine acres. In the center of the U is an open court of three acres and the two floors of the building give an exhibition space of nine acres.

THE great hall of the basic science exhibits forms the juncture for the two arms of the U of commanding proportions 260 feet long, sixty feet wide and fifty-seven feet high. Inscriptions on its walls



The "Sky Ride". One of the spectacular features of Chicago's "A Century of Progress Exposition". Two steel towers 625 feet high and 1,850 feet apart are connected by cables at the 200 foot level, over which rocket cars carry passengers. At the tops of the towers are observation platforms from which visitors are able to see Chicago, and its surrounding area high up over the exposition grounds, for miles in all directions.

rather than in dreams under the stars.

The Agricultural Building discloses the very source of all the wealth of the nation that must come from the soil—the treasure troves of mine—the incomparable scenic beauty associated with the soil—for dear old Mother Earth provides the basis for all the progress of mankind.

People everywhere—a happy healthy people—seem to feel that *this* is their celebration of a Century of Progress. Everywhere the spirit of Youth—of tomorrow—looking forward to Tomorrow—dominated

pay tribute to the torchbearers of science.

The method sought is to dramatize each point, as far as possible, by moving exhibits showing processes and operations. The distinguished scientists who have worked out these exhibits with the cooperation of the National Research Council, believe that they have attained their purpose of making science a living thing to the laymen.

The story of the origin and growth of our planet is first revealed in the Geology Section.

Here one can see the moving reproduc-

tions of volcanoes in action, sprouting geysers, upheaval mountain ranges, creation of canyons by cataracts, glacier action, oil drills in operation, gold and coal mines, underground torrents and moving sand dunes.

Now the drama proceeds as the immense period of time occupied by the for-

fects in a diorama, shows how the outlet has been through various rivers before the St. Lawrence.

\* \* \*

HOW Darwin would have been interested in the evolution of the human face from fish to man. It is shown by a series of models in the Paleontology section.



Scene from Pantheon de la Guerre—America's part in the World War is indicated by a group of famous Americans around the bust of Washington. They include Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

mation of the earth is visualized by the "Clock of the Ages", a ten foot dial representing the advancing geologic periods by compressing two billion years into one revolution of the clock hands in four minutes. Mammals, the dominating life of the present, do not appear until almost the end of the revolution and man is on the stage only a few seconds.

Mountain ranges are shown being thrown up by pressure apparatus operating on layers of material simulating the strata of the earth's crust.

Composition of the earth to the globe's center is illustrated by illuminated sections and working models.

Visitors themselves tested model seismographs—instruments for recording earthquake shocks—and realized how geologists use them to get records of miniature earthquakes, produced by dynamite. The seismograph record tells the nature of the underground formation.

A exhibit of oil-drilling operations was actually going on—reduced to scale—showing the greatest present application of scientific prospecting and the conditions under the earth more than a mile below the surface. We see different kinds of drilling by percussion and rotary drills, pipe casings set and gushers "coming in".

The deep under ground network of rivers and streams is illustrated by a working reproduction of the drainage system from Wisconsin, 250 miles north of Chicago, under the city and into Lake Michigan. The effect of past glacial eras in fertilizing soil is shown by comparisons of glaciated and unglaciated areas. Glacial history of the Great Lakes region, exhibited by light ef-

Evolution of the horse and other animals and of the vertebrates also is shown by complete models and comparative exhibits.

A complete biological laboratory at work demonstrated how scientists study cell activities. Magnified cells and moving models demonstrate the principles of growth in animals and plants.

Development of the human being from the cell is told in a series of embryological exhibits. Cages of healthy guinea pigs illustrate variations through heredity. A life size model of a man produced the cir-

moving models of the chest and throat. The lungs move, the ribs expand and the larynx vibrates. With different movements a bass or soprano voice is produced.

How plants grow is shown by a moving exhibit of the marriage of plant cells in a magnified dahlia stalk. A pollen grain from another plant drops into the flower, moves down to the ovule and in four stages the united cells produce a living seed containing a miniature plant.

The thick steel globe of the bathosphere in which Dr. William Beebe, the deep-sea explorer descended to a depth of 2,200 feet in the ocean is to be seen in the marine biology exhibit. Above it hangs its companion exploration sphere, the feather-weight aluminum bubble in which Dr. Auguste Piccard ascended 54,000 feet into the stratosphere. Dr. Piccard has planned an ascent from the Fair in July.

Weird and monstrous drama of microscopic life is graphically exhibited in the remarkable theatre of the micro-varium. Pinpoint drops of water are the scene. Powerful microscopes look through them and throw the living action on the screens which show the magnified grotesque creatures swimming, eating, making love and fighting in their infinitesimally minute world.

From the study of inorganic matter in Geology and organic matter in Biology the visitor passes on to see the display of the science of the transformation of matter in the Chemistry section.

THE ninety-three known elements that compose the world of matter are shown in the overture. From this the visitor may turn to watch active operations of the chemical laboratory.

A ribbon of iron burns like paper because of a jet of oxygen. A stream of liquid fire is caused by a jet of phosphorus forced through a small orifice and instantly combining with the air. We see potassium dripped into water and bursting into flame. A number of other illustrations show how



East facade of Administration Building

culatation of the blood by means of a magnified heart pumping, the valves working and the red blood flowing out through the arterial system while blue blood is returned by the veins.

The different characteristics that produce high or deep voices are shown by

the atoms of different elements rush to combine with each other. "Chemical changes" are always accompanied by energy changes—heat or light being liberated or absorbed.

Liquid air is produced by air being compressed at 3,000 pounds to the square inch.



Suddenly released it chills to a pale bluish liquid about the consistency of water and at a temperature of 317 degrees below zero.

The demonstrator dips a stick into mercury and then into the flash of liquid air. The mercury instantly freezes hard as steel and he can drive nails with it. He plunges a rod of hot iron into the liquid air and the iron will blaze up on account of the concentrated oxygen. A burning stick of carbon plunged into liquid air is set on a cake of ice the liquid air boils fiercely on account of the comparative heat of the ice.

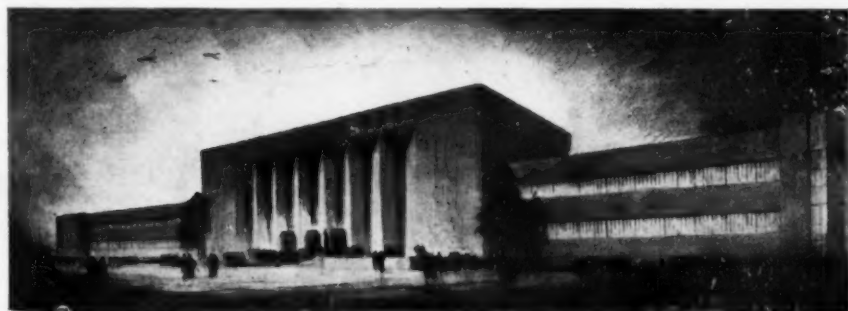
It sounds like a glimpse into the elements of trades to watch a working diorama of a model sulphur mine showing the mill and surface operations, the sulphur deposit 500 feet below the surface and the method of "melting the sulphur" and bringing it up.

Before one's very eyes contaminated water is shown purified by a solution of alum which forms a jelly like substance and sinks, carrying the colloidal impurities with it. Smoky air is shown cleared by passing it between electrically charged plates. The colloidal particles become electrically charged, cling to the plates and the air blows out pure.

A giant talking and gesturing robot, ten feet tall, with a transparent digestive tract, is the dramatic feature of the exhibit of physiological chemistry. He actually give a synthetic lecture on the chemistry of food and shows food passing through his own stomach and intestines and being digested.

Mathematical principles used in gun-fire, in navigation by the position of the stars and in communication is shown by the U. S. Navy exhibit. A gyroscopic compass in action has "repeaters" in different parts of the space showing at all times the direction indicated by the main compass.

Visitors are kept busy operating Galton's Quincunx, an apparatus that looks like a slot machine game. A mass of small steel balls rolls down through intercepting pegs and forms various outlines known as "probability curves". A "wind tunnel" shows on various airplane models the application of the theory of aerodynamics.



Main facade of the Administration Building

**S**ERVICE of mathematics in the development of radio is shown by historical exhibits of Marconi's original apparatus. Business use of mathematics is shown by its application to laws of economics.

In the Physics section a series of ninety exhibits shows the generation and control of power. Operating apparatus shows how the expansion of gases produces the effects

of refrigeration. A working model with magnified molecules represented by steel balls shows how the internal pressure in an automobile tire is due to incessant bombardment of the walls by the molecules which have the speed of rifle bullets.

An operating steam engine with glass cylinders, shows the inner working of the expanding steam discovered by Watts while heating his mother's tea kettle. A drop of water four inches in diameter illustrates why drops are round.

That sound is vibration and that the variety of sound is produced by vibrations of different length is shown by a magnified image of the sound creating edge of a movie film. As the jagged line passes we see that the broken light which itself is a form of vibration, is changed into sound by the vibration being transmitted to the diaphragm of a loud speaker and we hear the light become words and music.

The electron and the proton, building stones of all atoms, were discovered by physicists. These most minute of all known divisions of matter are invisible but at speeds of 100 to 1000,000 miles a second they are called cathode, canal, alpha or beta rays and produce effects which were seen by the naked eye.

**T**HE first x-ray photograph ever used in surgery—two months after the discovery was announced by Roentgen in 1895—is here before your eyes.

The Transparent Man, from Dresden, Germany, is a life size model, of transparent cellon, the interior of which is illuminated to show in rotation all the deep organs of the body.

In this exhibit are also moving models of parts of the body which may be operated by the visitor, showing the action of joints, operation of the breathing apparatus, circulation of the blood, the larynx in different states and horizontal sections of the

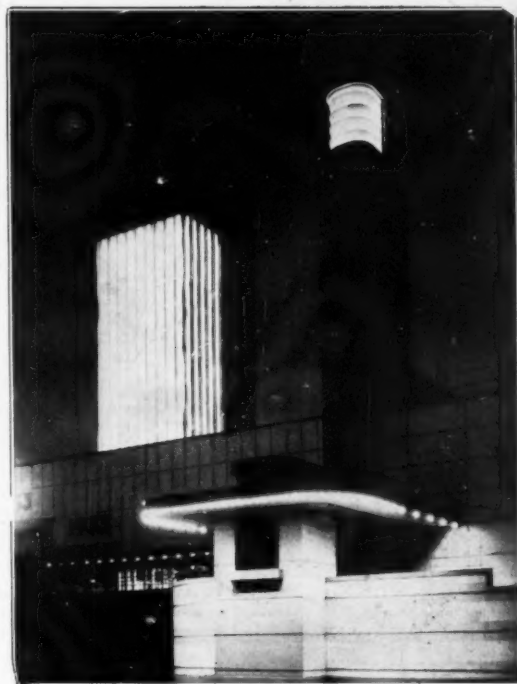
body, shown in a life size model in eight parts.

The works of Louis Pasteur, pioneer of bacteriology and of Robert Koch, who discovered the tubercle bacillus, are shown in supreme commemorative exhibits.

An extensive exhibit of work in bacteriology and tropical diseases of man and animals is that of the Wellcome Research

Institution of London. The Institution shows models of the floating laboratory presented to the Sudan government on the Nile and of the mobile field laboratory given the British War Office during the World War.

The discovery of appendicitis in the last



Concealed neon illumination makes the south view of the Hall of Science at A Century of Progress Exposition a captivating scene at night.

century is shown by Harvard University and the Massachusetts General Hospital. The development of abdominal surgery and work on the treatment of pernicious anaemia are among other subjects here exhibited.

Motion pictures, wax models, transparent photographs and charts are used by the Mayo Foundation to illustrate work on goitre, diseases of the digestive tract and of the nervous system. A large electric thermometer enables visitors to take the temperature of their hands and a thermometer enables them to test their nerve steadiness.

The Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, for the study and treatment of infantile paralysis, founded and financed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, exhibits photographs illustrating exercise and massage treatments for patients suffering from the results of the disease. A series of X-ray photographs of affected limbs show results of treatment.

**T**O demonstrate the fact that cancer is, to a great extent curable, if recognized and treated in early stages, is the purpose of the exhibits of the American Society for the Control of Cancer and of the New York City Cancer Committee. Influence of genetics on cancer is shown by the Otho S. A. Sprague Memorial Institute—University of Chicago—in records of 110,000 necropsies on mice in twenty-three years.

A scale model of the galley of Caligula recovered a year ago from Lake Nemi, is in the scientific exhibit of the Italian gov-



ernment. A complete model reproduction of a Venetian galley of the 17th century is shown with models of modern Italian merchant and war vessels. A model of the port and adjoining buildings of ancient Rome is accompanied by model reproduc-

veloped at M. I. T. for the study of disturbances in the operation of high-speed machinery. The Stroboscope makes the machine appear to be standing still while at full speed. Thus changes in operating conditions can be accurately measured as

Hanks. The old store of Berry and Lincoln, the wigwam where he was nominated for President, the Inn where he boarded and courted the sweet Ann Rutledge—all are there.

The task of finding materials and furnishings that would reproduce authentically the buildings immortalized by Lincoln required months of patient research and investigation. Present day workmen had to solve many problems in producing buildings that would present in every detail the appearance of having been erected or in use a century ago.

The builders were able to duplicate Lincoln's birthplace from the original Hodgenville cabin, now preserved at Springfield, Illinois as a national monument. To find a cabin made of logs hewn and notched in the same manner that would duplicate it was the problem. The search covered many states. In southwestern Illinois, a duplicate more than 100 years old, was found standing. The old cabin was in a good state of preservation and it was purchased and transported to the World's Fair. To reproduce the trodden dirt flooring and to provide material for chinking the logs and plastering the chimney, a carload of red Kentucky clay was brought to Chicago from Hardin County.

The old school in Indiana was an 18-foot square, one-room house, which Abe and sister Sarah occupied with their parents, and from which the children walked nine miles each way to school every day.

Lovers of thrills find the Sky-Ride, to this Exposition what the Eiffel Tower was to the Paris Exposition and the Ferris Wheel to the Columbian Exposition.

Steel towers of the Sky Ride, 628 feet high, are the highest man-made structures west of New York. They are 2,000 feet apart and constitute one of the world's longest suspension bridges.

**T**HE fun center for children is the Enchanted Island—five acre wonderland, with a magic mountain down which to slide, fairy castle, house of marvels, a mechanical zoo, miniature railroad, marionette fig-



An Architect's drawing of one of the Buildings

tions of antique Roman road building and aqueducts.

Three historic astronomical observatories in Denmark—those of Stjerneborg, Tycho Brahe's observatory, and the observatory of Ole Romer at Uraniborg, are shown in scale models in the scientific exhibit of the Danish government. A wood carving of Ole Romer shows the astronomer at his home telescope with the apparatus he devised to keep the instrument trained on the star he was studying.

Contrast between scientific methods, technique and facilities now and in past years was the theme of the exhibit of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

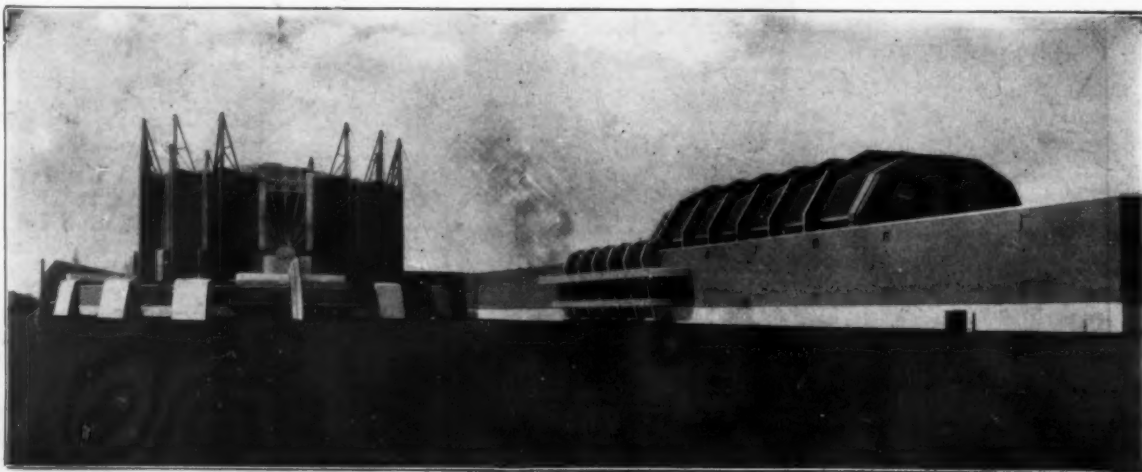
A three-foot electric spark was shot out by the 1,000,000 volt Van de Graaff electrostatic generator. This powerful apparatus is compared with a small "wine-bottle" generator that was a wonder a few years ago. Similarly the harmonic analyzer designed in 1898 by the late Prof. Stratton of M. I. T. and the late Prof. Michelson, then of the University of Chicago, is exhibited for comparison with pictures of the institutes present huge differential analyzer, and instrument weighing many tons and capable of solving calculus problems too difficult for the human brain.

**A**MONG the exhibits is the Edgerton Stroboscope, an electrophysical apparatus de-

veloped at M. I. T. for the study of disturbances in the operation of high-speed machinery. The Stroboscope makes the machine appear to be standing still while at full speed. Thus changes in operating conditions can be accurately measured as

Other exhibits include a Boltzmann machine to illustrate the principle that molecules tend to collect in regions of minimum electric potential energy, an electro-dializer for the collection of enzymes, the microscope bodies that are characteristic of organic life is shown. This instrument was developed at M. I. T. to collect microscopic specimens by airplane at heights of 5,000 to 10,000 feet.

**I**N the electric lights, I saw a name that fascinated me. It was "A. Lincoln". I lingered in the village including the replica of the birthplace and the home in Old



Travel and Transport Building and Dome: Larger than the dome of St. Peters or the Washington capitol, this "sky-hung" dome of the Travel and Transport Building strikes a new note in architecture.

Indiana where he studied by light of a pine knot and lived formative years of youth with that matchless mother Nancy

ures of toys and story book characters.

One of the novelties was the "World A Million Years Ago"—a dome under which

dinosaurs, mammoths, sabre tooth tigers and giant gorillas animatedly paw the earth, bare their fangs and roar in a life-like reproduction of the prehistoric world.

The romance and colorful adventure of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's memorable voyage to Antarctica was recreated for Fair visitors by actual presence of the good ship "City of New York" in which the expedition to the strange region of icebergs and uncharted areas was made. Members of the original crew were on deck to explain the valuable collection of relics and curios on the ship.

An old time Mississippi river show boat, a reproduction of the famous "Cotton Blossom" is moored in the south lagoon and a company of show boat troupers here present "East Lynne" and a repertoire of the old thrillers in daily bills.

Gondolas and launches carry visitors over the lagoons and give them a water view not only of Admiral Byrd's ship but of a Norwegian Arctic whaler. A real whale, 55 feet long, was a part of the exhibit. Here also was the marine show of submarine S-49, a 240 feet undersea fighter which visitors may inspect.

A sponge fishing boat is part of the Florida exhibit. It is moored to a wharf at the edge of the Florida tropical gardens on Northerly Island. Divers go down and show how sponges are dragged from their beds on the bottom.

The Belgian village is a reproduction of parts of Ghent, Bruges and Malines, in the middle ages. A market place, hand-craft artisans at work, cafes and the quaint architecture will create a scene of special interest.

As great a contrast as possible with the order and peace of old Flanders is the Gorilla Village, Joe Mendi, an educated chimpanzee greeted visitors to a collection of gorillas and great apes in a slice of Darkest Africa transported to the shore of Lake Michigan.

Drama and romance of the evolution of transportation in America was shown in a great open air pageant of A Century of Progress.

The spectacle, entitled "Wings of a Century," unfolded a modernistic Greek theatre, elaborately equipped with a triple stage 175 feet long and 170 deep, including river, canal and deep-sea harbor front as well as railroads and overland trails. Two hundred actors, seventy horses, seven huge trail wagons, ten trains showing the evolution of locomotives and cars, a complete service of automobiles since their invention, a clipper ship, river steamboat, a reproduction of Fulton's Clermont, pioneer steam vessel on this continent, and a model of the Wright brothers airplane in a scene of the first successful flight ever made, were major features of the pageant.

The background of the open water of Lake Michigan gave reality to the ocean harbor scene which was the rear of the scene.

In the opening scene of the prologue a group of Indians cross the fore stage with squaws and travois—most primitive type of hauling by packs tied on long poles, the rear ends dragging on the ground, the front end tied to the ponies' saddles.

Traders and missionaries come in the other side with a birch bark canoe.

In the "Wings of a Century" was assembled the largest historical collection of vehicles ever brought together and used under their own power.

It is a carnival of picturesque thrills. A venture into visual education such as the world has never before witnessed. A parade of architecturally unique buildings adorned with color and lighting was scarcely before imagined. A spectacle of industry and inventiveness. A place of fascination and life different from the every-day world, that offers new and stimulating experiences, fresh ideas and a changed point of view.

The Fair grounds stretch for three and a half miles along Chicago's lake front, close to the downtown business section, to hotels and centers of transportation and communication. A century ago this, now the second-largest metropolis of North America was a frontier outpost of 350 inhabitants. The century that has witnessed Chicago's amazing growth has seen an advancement in civilization throughout the world such as has never been recorded in all the ages before.

INSTEAD of lifeless rows of finished products, visitors find processes of making essential articles presented in moving, understandable fashion.

One may pick out the subject of paramount personal interest and follow it through from the beginning of the scientists' experiments in the Hall of Science until the manufacturer has taken up the work in the various exhibit buildings and turns out the finished product.

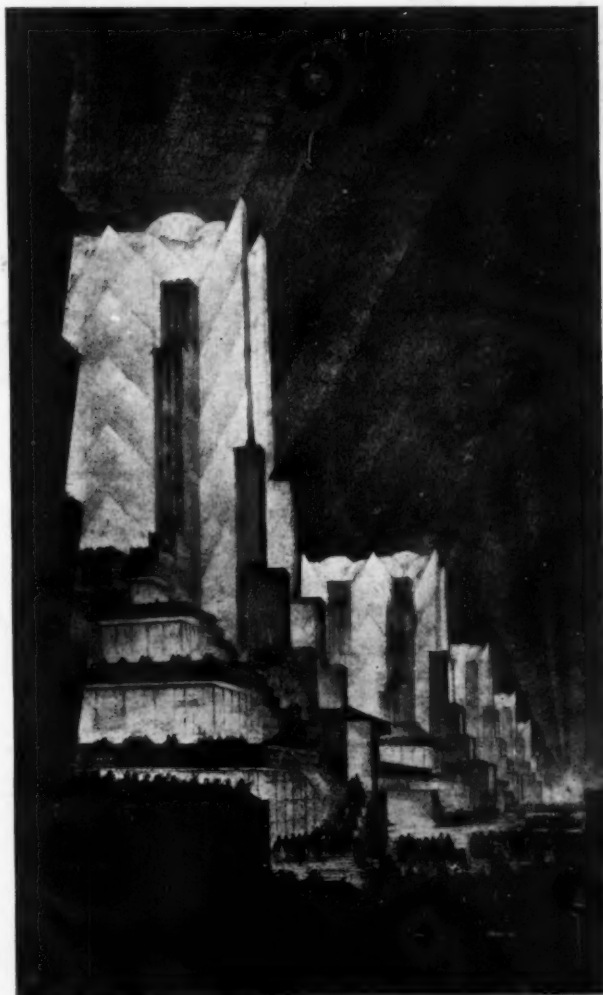
For instance, — automobiles. One may see what combination of elements in gas produces the explosion. The steel for the machine made from raw ore in a blast furnace on to a complete automobile assembly line in operation.

The golden Pavilion of Jehol, a reproduction of China's finest Llama temple, is a feature that has already attracted the attention of thousands of visitors.

The original temple was built in Jehol, summer residence of the Chinese rulers years ago. Its replica on the Fair grounds presents an impressive contrast to the ultra-modern Exposition buildings that surround it.

Streams of people visited the group of houses in a landscape setting on the lake front. They were clustered about the Home Planning Building and were counted

the last word in home building. The group included the striking porcelain enamel frameless house made from material fabricated by the Armco Company. This same material was used before the Christian era for mosaic and ornamental purposes. It is a glass like surface fused into the pores of sheet metal at a temperature of 1600 degrees Fahrenheit. The new materials are brought from the four corners of the earth to build a modern house of seven rooms



One of the main groups of exhibition buildings as designed by Harvey Wiley Corbett of the Chicago World's Fair

and two baths, garage, roof garden, complete for five thousand dollars. It was furnished by Miss Lois Palmer of the Ladies Home Journal. Men and women, young and old, found this one of the great heart throbs of the Exposition, for it inspired a dream of the lovers pondering over their start in life and their elder Darby and Joan, looking forward to a serene sunset in just this sort of a home nest, where all the modern comforts are concentrated.

The home building group also included other steel houses, and those made from composition, both steel and wood frame, while an all brick house and an all wood house challenged neighborly comparison.

All the model homes completely equipped and furnished for living illustrated the

(Continued on Page 63)



# Hamlin Garland's Literary Laurels

*The Popular and Noted Author shares his Unusual Life Experiences in the various sections of the country and visiting eminent folks with the readers of his fascinating Memory Books*

IN the days of youth we often make the acquaintance of an author who continues on through the years as a special favorite. My earliest impressions of reading magazine articles were those written by Hamlin Garland. They were published in *The Arena*, a periodical of forensic qualities in liberal and advanced thought. I felt that I was in step with the future and the generation in which I was to play a part when I read something from the pen of Hamlin Garland. He has been an inspiration to more than one American youth, for he was a sturdy son of the Middle West who has made his way to eminence in American literature.

When I met him face to face later, my early impressions were more than confirmed. His kindly interest in young people and his chat concerning the many celebrities he had met in his struggles to make a living with his pen and tongue. He is a crusader for ideals,—with little or no thought concerning the all-absorbing trend of the times to do only that which would bring personal profit and coin of the realm.

As the dean of American letters and the early champion of a realism that was practical, he has seen more changes in his span of life in certain directions than all the men from Julius Caesar to Abraham Lincoln. That is the reason why his "Middle Border" books, published in chronological order, are invaluable necessities to any library that covers contemporaneous literature. They are a reflection of racial development, social history, and yet every page scintillates with the interest of a personal chat. I have never read any novel of more intense and gripping interest than the volumes that he has written since he came fresh from the plains of South Dakota to Boston in 1884 with high ambitions.

In these early days he suffered real deprivations and worked with the intensity of a gladiator in the arena of literature.

His first great friend was William Dean Howells, and that friendship continued through life. The first great inspiration was Edwin Booth on the stage and Mark Twain and George W. Cable on the platform.

Dining with Rudyard Kipling, Whitcomb Riley and Joaquin Miller, he caught the poetic turn that has characterized his work. With John Burroughs at Slabside, he caught the philosophic angle of contact with Nature. Campaigning for Henry George, who was a nominee for mayor of New York, and associating with Theodore Roosevelt,

HAMLIN Garland's "Companions on the Trail" is a rich record of Mr. Garland's literary friends and acquaintances, packed with personal reminiscences, alive with pictures of a vanished New York in the early years of this century . . . I could not help feeling, as I laid this rich volume down, how much we shall lose when Hamlin Garland leaves the literary scene. He is a striking figure in the world of letters, one of the last who have clung to the finer traditions, always. There is a warm serenity in this volume, and a brave spirit shines through its pages.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,  
New York American.



Hamlin Garland  
With his grandchildren on his knee

then Police Commissioner, this farm boy from the Midwest, was soon in the swirl of metropolitan life, and Hamlin Garland remains a survivor of the great battle in our American literature and life, according to William Allen White.

It is impossible to cover within the limits of any review even a mention of the list of eminent folk with whom Mr. Garland has come in personal contact. The very index reads like a "Who's Who" of the prominent people who have appeared upon the stage of literary and public activities for the past eventful fifty years.

FEW authors have had comments and reviews written by more eminent people than Hamlin Garland—Theodore Roosevelt, Edwin Markham, William Allen White, William Dean Howells, and a long list of prominent people have paused in their own busy literary life to pay their tribute to Garland's work while yet he lived.

Even a chronological record of Hamlin's Garland's life since the days of his birth at West Salem, Wis., where he continued to live even in his days of world fame, is an index of the stirring times in which he has lived. The family emigrated in a covered wagon to Iowa, and there in the Centennial year of the nation, Hamlin Garland became a pupil in a seminary at Osage, working six months on a farm and the other six months at school. He graduated and then started out on a walking trip through the eastern states.

He took up a claim on the prairies of North Dakota, and lived in a sod shanty, and with the proceeds of this claim, after he "proved up," he returned to Boston, where he was instructor in the School of Oratory, eking out a living while he was preparing for his great literary work.

In 1890 appeared "Main Travelled Roads," his first great hit. His "Life of Ulysses S. Grant," published about twenty years after his graduation, was an outstanding biographic epic, for Grant, the hero of the Middle West, was one of his heroes in boyhood days.

Indeed, Hamlin Garland has played Boswell to a large group of American literary folk. It may not have been in extended biographies, but his books are replete with those human interest incidents that are all-appealing from the days of childhood when we call for "a story" into the sunset when we love to reminisce.

The one thing that is most enheartening is to find this literary trouser who has followed the literary and intellectual trails all over the world an incorrigible optimist based upon his unusual and incomparable opportunities for observation along the avenues of human activities. No wonder that he has won the high stamp of critical commendation for volumes of genuine historical interest that have been called "a literary log" of the closing days of the nineteenth and opening years of the twentieth century.

In the collection of Garland books, we find him not only blazing trails forward but he goes back over the trail and dis-



covers that picture which may have been missed in the first passing.

After living in the maelstrom of metropolitan life and visiting the nooks and corners where literary folk plied their pen, Hamlin Garland remains a product of the prairies of the west. He has made the scenes of his boyhood days quite as vivid in his books as Hardy did to the Wessex country or Barrie to Scotland. No one man ever did more to make his beloved Chicago a cultural and literary center than Hamlin Garland, and the present year's exposition "Century of Progress" would be indeed incomplete without some reference or exhibit of the work done by Hamlin Garland and his associates in the Midwest metropolis to bring to that city a spirit of creative literary work.

HOW fortunate it is for the legion of admirers of Hamlin Garland that he kept a diary. The notations he made of incidental things at the time may not have suggested a record by the ordinary individual, but time seems to have heightened its value. It evidences the painstaking care and thought that he has had for you and me and other readers, and emphasizes what was told me by an old friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He said that the Sage of Concord insisted there were thousands if not millions of people who had just as good as philosophic reflection and impressions as he possessed, "the only difference is, I would get up at night, take a lead pencil and catch the vagrant thoughts in the passing, not only for myself, but to share them for others, and make a record of that ever-changing illusive thought that

continues on and on in the stream of intellectual life."

The American reading public are under obligations to the Macmillan Company for the wonderful way in which they have produced these monumental books. The latest series are "Roadside Meetings," "Companion of the Trail," and "My Friendly Contemporaries."

All through his busy life, Mr. Garland has been enthusiastic in his work for the American Academy of Letters and it was he who was given the honor of awarding the prize to the radio announcer whose work seemed to deserve special commendation in diction and enunciation and manner and method of presentation.

It is difficult to resist the temptation even in a brief article, to make extensive quotations from the books of Hamlin Garland, which might interfere with the charm that comes to the reader in sitting by the fireside and enjoying visiting hours with Hamlin Garland, as he meets and mingles with people whose name and fame have won high place in their day and generation.

I can think of no picture that indicates the supreme content of his busy life more than Hamlin Garland seated with his two grandchildren on either arm of the chair, while he tells them stories just as he has told you and me stories in his incomparable books. His shock of grey hair and real western moustache, deepest kindly eyes, that day reflected the picture of supreme happiness.

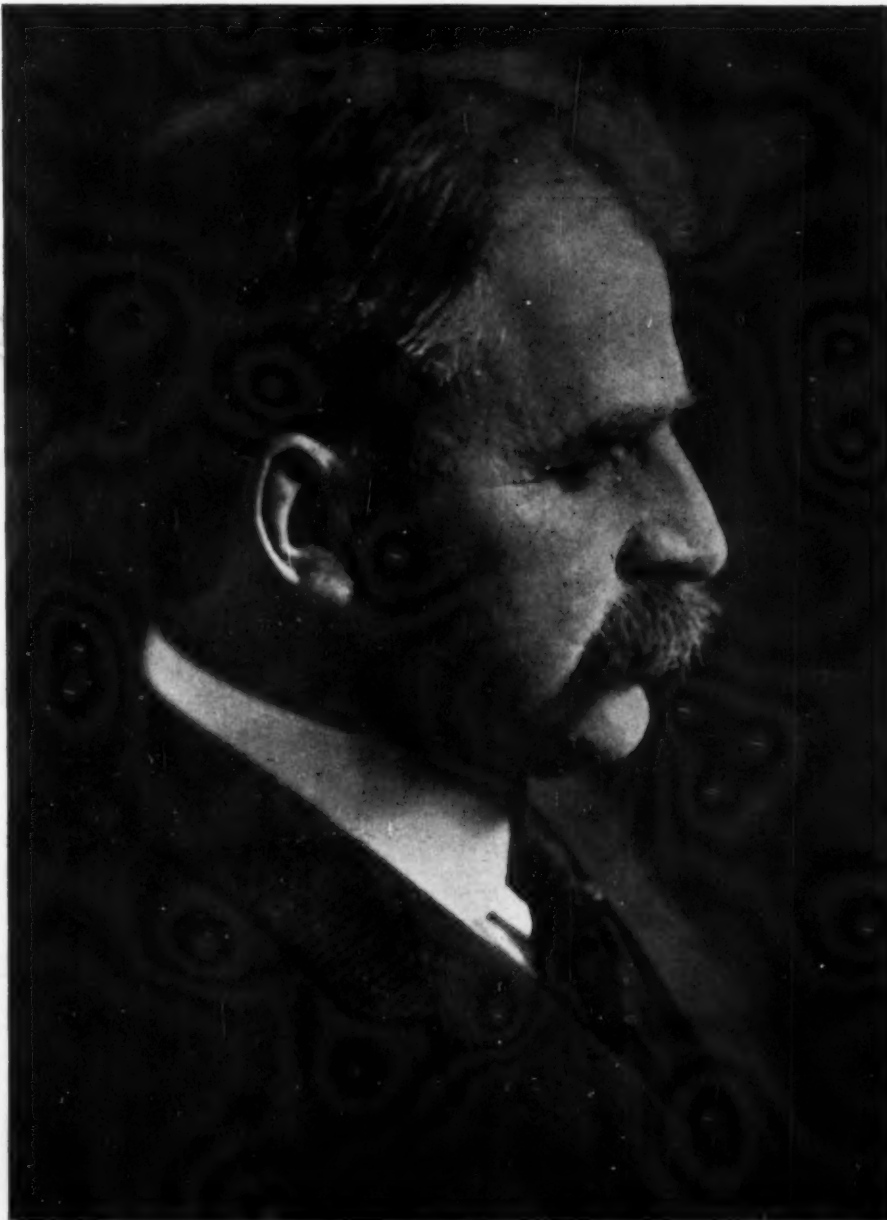
During the early struggles he wooed and won Zulime Taft, daughter of Don Carlos Taft, and sister of the famous American sculptor, Lorado Taft. His two daughters, Mary Isabelle and Constance, together with the wife and helpmate, have been keenly interested in his work, and Miss Constance Garland, the younger daughter, made the charming drawings for Hamlin Garland's "Back Trailers from the Middle Border," which truly reflect the Garland spirit of the volumes.

A GLIMPSE at the diary gives the key to the many delightful tidbits that are scattered through his book in which he writes as a guest rather than as an author. Here are a few of the gems that scintillate his happy colloquial mood:

As guest of Sir James Barrie he wrote: "This is the farthest reach of my back-trail! Here am I, the son of an American farmer, guest of the son of a Scotch weaver, occupying the Minstrels' Gallery in the country seat of Lord Weemys, a mansion of the Middle Ages!" . . . The more I pondered our situation the more incredible it became.

At Wayside Inn as guest of Henry Ford he records another "wayside tale":

"I mused on the reason for this almost universal interest in a plain small roadside tavern in a meadow. Many came like myself, out of love for the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and because they found here a satisfaction which Monticello and Mount Vernon could not give, something which belonged to the wandering grandsons and great-grandsons of New England. Like myself, they found themselves at the source of their family traditions. . . ."



Hamlin Garland, Dean of American Authors who has Completed a Fascinating Series of Reminiscences of Famous people in His Latest Books

# Cowboy Behave!

*Young Tim Brady's Boastful Manner Puts Him  
"in Dutch" with the Other Cow Hands,  
But There's a Girl Who Believes in  
Him—Concluding in This Issue*

by HORACE E. BUKER

WOULDN'T ye ruther get back in the saddle and ride with the boys? Yuma's been suggestin' it."

"Last I recollect he didn't want me around," reminded Tim.

"Recon he thinks ye've had too much chance to study old Spanish customs—down at the mission," admitted the boss. "Mother and me would like to have ye stay, boy."

"I'm sorry," declared Tim. "But the place just isn't big enough now for Yuma and me and I'm right keen to amount to somethin' some day."

The Old Man rose and held out his hand. "Good luck to ye, boy," he said. "But don't go for a day or two. Ann's aunt from out east is comin' on the 9:40 tomorrow and I'm ridin' up to the dam with a government man. I don't like the way it's leakin'. Couldn't very well send Pedro or any of them wild hombres into town to meet an old lady."

"Ann's aunt!" Tim showed his dismay. "Well, I'll sure take good care of her."

He went out to the corral and saddled his own pony and Ann's, then waited for her on the front porch. Some of the boys were gathered around him when she came out, but Yuma did not show up.

"I'm leavin' in a few days," he told Ann when they were out on the trail. "Yuma and I had a little trouble. I caught him with that book you gave me and one thing led to another—and anyway I don't aim to be a cow hand when I'm old like Chuck."

"Mrs. Peterson told me. I'm terribly sorry," she admitted. "And still it's the only thing to do. I never heard of a cowboy buying a ranch with his savings."

"I've been doin' a lot of thinkin'," he confessed. "Someway or other I'm getting kinda anxious for a home of my own."

"Tim," she asked after a long silence. "Did you put a letter under my door today?"

"No, why should I act secret like?"

"I thought if you had anything to say to me—of that kind—you wouldn't write it," she said, not looking up. "The letter was a proposal of marriage, very formal indeed and not at all like you."

"I wouldn't dare ask anything like that of you—" he stammered.

"Why not?" She faced him squarely and she was not laughing.

"Oh because—everything," he said. "Why I'm a cow hand, don't know much, don't even know my name, just dumped out of a

runaway into the Cimarron. I ain't—I haven't amounted to anything and mabbe never will."

They were on the new government road, following the roaring Asuncion along rapids and sparkling cascades high into the hills. Ann had wanted to see for herself the conditions at Sunset dam that were worrying Peterson and that might prove a grave danger to her friends in the narrow gorge at San Jose. The song of the waters sometimes drowned their words. Ahead they could see the top of the great concrete V between two crags.

"You're strong and honest and you're not afraid," she said. "And you're kind and I even think you're going to amount to quite a lot. Most any girl would like to get a proposal from you—if you meant it."

"Wouldn't be much interested in most any girl," floundered Tim, "leastwise since I've known you." He looked straight ahead and the words came slowly, almost as though he had to drag them forth. "An' I'm so afraid of one thing that mebbe the others don't mean much."

"What on earth!"

He motioned toward the current. "Poundin' water, swirlin' water," he confessed. "I never could get over it. Every day when I drive through those fords in Apache canyon it gets hold of me and I want to turn back."

"But you never have turned back," she said, dismounting where the trail crossed the dam. "That's the real test. Tim, come over here and tell me about it."

"I can't remember much," he owned, tying the ponies to a tree. "Sometimes I seem to see more when I'm watchin' the swirls and hearin' the water rushin' by." His eyes wandered from the river to the spillways throwing out cascades almost hidden in whirling spray, then up the sides of the dam.

"I don't like it," he said soberly. "See how the water is leakin' along both sides of that dam—seepin' through the bedrock and even through the cement. See that crack—and the reservoir has been filled right up to the spillways all spring. I'm glad the boss is going to make 'em look it over, but you want to watch out down in Apache canyon."

"But what is it you remember?" she insisted.

"That was way back east, over the Rock-

Timothy Brady, a cowboy from the Rockies, obtains a job on a ranch near the Mexican border. There, among the real cattle men his previous records of merit are not recognized. Tim, who has had a life of struggle, meets Miss Ann Winslow the local school teacher—and center of the devotion of the jealous Sloan, foreman of Lazy L ranch on which he is working.

At a Christmas party, the present which Ann has intended for Tim is substituted for a book on decorum as a joke. Tim, thinking it was really the gift of the pretty school teacher studies the book with great enthusiasm.

Luma Sloan, noticing that Tim is attracted to Miss Ann does his best to belittle him.

When Tim saves the mail in a hold-up, he gets into a fight with Sloan who succeeds in getting Peterson to fire him. Peterson relents however and takes the young cowhand back as general man at the ranch with the understanding that the next fight means discharge.

Tim, however, is constantly striving to improve himself and yet control his resentment over the injustice done him. Finally, however, he reports to Mr. Peterson, owner of Lazy L ranch, that he has been fighting with Sloan and is therefore resigning.

Now read on.

ies," he said. "I must a been three-four years old. I recollect the buffalo grass and little puddles splashed with rain. There was a woman in the wagon, holdin' me so's I could look out through the hole in the back canvas. She called me Tim or something like that and she had brown hair braided and caught up in a net back of her head. She spoke once in a while to the big man with a beard drivin' the team."

He was silent for a while, gazing into the distance far past the sullen waters of the reservoir. "It got dark and sometimes the wagon rocked in the wind," he continued. "She was holdin' me in her lap, singing. She was singing 'High in the Belfry,' that's what I called it."

"Perhaps I went to sleep. Next thing I remember the canvas whipped up into the air, leavin' the hoops bare. There wasn't a star in sight and the rain shot straight across the grasses. Then the canvas sailed away across the head of the haw horse—" "The haw horse?"

"That's what he called it—the man—my father, I guess. The team bolted and he couldn't hold 'em, especially when the whole sky opened with lightnin'. The wagon bounded on the hummocks and then slid into a mirey lowland where pampas grass was high and dense. Then the team went down out of sight in the blackness ahead and the wagon tipped over on its side and plowed out into the water."

"It was the Cimarron, runnin' high and circlin' in black eddies that whirled the wagon away down stream. I must a gone down once or twice, because I just glimpsed the horses once in a flash of lightnin'. They was threshin' and turnin' this way and that. And then I only heard 'em, and someone a long way off calling, screaming. She was calling: 'Tim! Tim!'"

For a moment he was silent, but Ann did not speak, fearing to break the spell of his memories.



"An' then I was crawlin' through the mud and the grass, someway, or runnin' on the bank crying to her, fallin' into holes, splashin' through bogs, maybe all night, maybe longer. Sometime or other I saw the Bradys' light, way across the prairie, and stumbled into their camp. They say I called myself Tim, so they let me keep the only name I knew. We went a long ways across the prairie after that and I lived with them, maybe ten years, in a sod house first, packed with quarreling kids all older than me—I. The Bradys never heard about that Decorum."

She began to sing softly, in a low, sweet voice:

"High in the belfry the old sexton stands,  
"Clasping the rope in—"

She stopped suddenly as Tim sprang to his feet and strode to the edge of the dam. She watched him as he stood outlined against the dusk, his arms rigid at his sides, the hands clenched as though the memories she had stirred were painful beyond words.

"She had a big, round pin at her throat, a women's head carved out in white," he said suddenly. "He called her Deb. Don't sing any more—now."

They rode down the trail in the early darkness. "That letter?" he asked. "The one I didn't write. What did it say?"

She handed it to him and they halted their ponies while he glanced at it in the light of a match.

"Somebody disguisin' their writing," he declared. "Better'n mine at that." His eyes roamed hastily over familiar phrases:

"I am conscious that it may be presumptuous for me to address you this note," the missive ran, "yet feel that an honorable declaration of my feelings toward you is due to my own heart and to my future happiness. I first met you to admire; your beauty and intelligence served to increase that admiration to a feeling of personal interest; and now I am free to confess your virtues and graces have inspired in me a sentiment of love—not the sentiment which finds its gratification in the civilities of friendly social intercourse, but which asks in return a heart and a hand for life."

"This confession I make freely and openly to you, feeling that you will give it all the consideration which it deserves. If I am not deceived, it cannot cause you pain; but, if any circumstances has weight with you—any interest in another person, or any family obstacle, forbids you to encourage my suit, then I leave it to your candor to make such a reply to this note as seems proper. I shall wait your answer with some anxiety, and therefore hope that you may reply at your earliest convenience."

"Believe me, dear lady, with feelings of true regard,"

The signature certainly looked like his own. Tim remembered that he had written his name in the book. He remembered, too, how he had caught Yuma trying to slip the volume back into its hiding place.

"You didn't read it at all," she said as he handed it back.

"I know every word," he confessed. Someone copied it from my Decorum. Maybe it's a nice letter if a man talks that way but seems to me such things ought to be said more personal."

"Then—of course you didn't expect an answer?"

"I'd be plumb scared to death this minute if I'd sent that," Tim admitted, thankful for the darkness. "I'd never a dared do it, and it makes me look—kinda cheap and imitation."

"Probably that was the intention," declared Ann. "But I happened to know you better than they thought."

"Just the same I'd be saying somethin' of the kind right now if I didn't know how pre-presumptuous it was," he ventured.

"Tim, my aunt is coming tomorrow. I would have told you first but I didn't know until afternoon."

"I'm to meet her and bring her up to the ranch."

"But I'm afraid she'll make me go home with her. I suppose I should on her account. She thinks it's terribly wild and dangerous out here. She received one of my letters all rumped and with a lot of little red flecks on it—like blood she keeps insisting. What do you imagine—"

"I guess I'm to blame again," Tim confessed. "You remember some letters I mailed for you the day I wrestled the bank bandit down town? Well I was cut up a little by that broken glass and I didn't mail them—those letters until right after the fight."

Ann couldn't help laughing. "Well you certainly started something," she agreed. "But it may end everything, too, because Aunt is certain to be shocked and frightened by everything she sees west of the Mississippi. And you'll be going too. You and I may drift far apart—and I'm afraid. If there is anything that ought to be said 'more personal' shouldn't it be said now?"

"You know I always loved you, Ann, from the very first day," Tim said quietly. "But I never dared hope. I saw you didn't set much stock even by a foreman like Yuma."

"Don't you know you're not like him?" "Anyway I began to see how much I didn't know and you seemed farther and farther off and I'd never a dared say a word—"

"And yet it seems you have," and there was happiness in her voice. She was riding close and smiling at him. He reached over and she bent forward within the circle of his arm.

"I didn't have any right to do that," he confessed, as they started forward again.

"You do very well," she laughed. "When properly encouraged."

So he did even better the next time.

"Cowboy!" she gasped. "Behave!"

He released her and she cantered a little way ahead of him down the trail, flushed, confused. He caught up with her, astonished at himself, speechless.

"Oh Tim, you priceless innocent," he heard her say. "Would you have gone away without a word if somebody hadn't proposed for you?"

"I've been tryin' to study up something to say all the evening, but I never got beyond the 'I love you.'" he explained, vastly relieved that she was not angry.

"There isn't anything beyond that," said Ann softly.

"There's a lot that ought to go with it, though," insisted Tim, coming down to earth with realization of his place in life.

"I've got to learn so much and get to be somebody—and honestly I'm only about twenty."

"So am I," assured Ann. "And if you want me to I'll be waiting."

"Maybe your aunt wouldn't let you, after she sees me," he suggested, a new fear arising as he pictured a grim and formidable old woman.

"She's the dearest, old fashioned person in all the world," Ann said. "Oh Tim! Just remember your Decorum. Everything you learned from that book will seem just right to her."

Yuma and Tim sat at the long table next morning under a flag of truce ordered and enforced by the Old Man. At the family table across the room Ann gave attention to Crandall, the government man, who was about to make reluctant inspection of Sunset dam.

"I was there last night," she told him, "and it doesn't look safe to me."

"Needless alarm," Crandall assured. "The worst that could happen even if your fears were grounded would be to flood the river channel for an hour or two and put a foot of water, or perhaps two, over the center of this valley. It's a small reservoir and you're perfectly safe."

"But Apache canyon—the Mexicans?" demanded Ann. "What would happen in that narrow gorge when all the water tried to get through?"

"Somebody might get wet—for a change," he admitted with a shrug. "There might not be much left of those 'dobies, but that wouldn't be much loss."

"It's terrible to talk that way about people losing their homes, perhaps their lives," flared the girl. "You don't know them; I wish you'd stop at my school and see how bright the children are; how eager to learn our ways."

"Perhaps some day I'll have that pleasure, but aren't there any white children that need teaching?" He seemed to enjoy her increasing anger.

"Some white children seem to have grown up neglected," she snapped.

The boys at the other table grinned with appreciation. Tim was a little astonished, but rather pleased. Perhaps even Ann sometimes forgot what the book said.

Mrs. Peterson hastened to smooth things over. "I never could understand why a girl like you comes way out here to teach greasers," she told Ann. "It just don't seem reasonable. You could make more right in your home town."

"It isn't the money. I—I could do very well back east," Ann said. She could not explain to them the indignation of Aunt Abigail that a Winslow woman should work at all outside the home. It's the idea of service, of being of use in the world. I love it here and I hope I'm doing something for the little Mexicans."

Mrs. Peterson sniffed. "Well, everyone to their own notions, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. I'll bet your aunt will make you go home."

"I'm afraid so," Ann confessed. "Nothing else could have brought her way out here. She thinks I've been surrounded by bears and Indians ever since I passed York



state, so it's quite a brave thing she's doing."

In honor of the visitor Tim wore his bossed chaps and buckskin jacket to town, but no guns. Ann cantered on her pony along side the buggy as they started toward town. Through the slowly rising mist they could see the lush grasses along the river half way across the valley and catch an occasional glimpse of the carved cliffs and painted rocks on the eastern horizon.

"It's beautiful here," she called to him. "I'll hate to leave the children—and everybody."

"I'm glad I'm goin' too," said Tim. "Everything will be different when you're gone, but I suspect the little Mexes'll get along some way."

"Tim, you're as bad as everybody else. Don't you see what I'm trying to do for them?"

"Yes, Ann, I know. But a Mex with book learnin' is like a cow pony with circus tricks. It doesn't do 'em a bit of good and it spoils 'em for their real work. I've known lonely, disappointed Indian boys from the schools and they never turn white and they can't quite be red again."

"That's a selfish point of view," she insisted. "Like Mr. Crandall. Now at college I had a professor of Spanish who interested us in the Mexicans. I gave up a lot at home to come down here and be of some real use."

"I'm sorry, Ann, but I don't set much stock on women like you workin' away from their folks."

"You're a regular down easter yourself," she laughed. "I've known it ever since you told me about the haw horse. Oh Tim, think hard and maybe you'll remember your real name."

"Sometimes—like when you sang last night," he said, "I think I'm just a goin' to."

Where the trail entered the canyon she cantered on ahead, for the trail narrowed to tracks just wide enough for the vehicle. "Mind your decorum!" she shouted as he passed the mission.

**T**IM tied the team a block from the railway station at Barranca, as the horses objected to a locomotive. When the accommodation rolled in, late as usual, he had no trouble locating Abigail Winslow. She was the only passenger to alight and she looked exactly like an Aunt Abigail.

He went forward to meet her, pondering the rules of decorum. This was his supreme test. Abigail Winslow, surrounded by grips and packages, stood expectant and a trifle belligerent on the high plank platform as he approached. He swept off his hat described the proper arc of ninety degrees and bowed low before her.

"I am Timothy Brady from the Peterson ranch, Mss Winslow," he said very carefully. "I have brought the only carriage on the ranch."

"I don't see it, young man," she snapped.

"The hosses don't like steam engines," he apologized. "If you will be so good as to take my arm I will escort you there."

She glanced at him sharply. There was no sign of unbecoming levity on his bronzed face, no expression save respect in his clear eyes.

"You're not an Indian are you? No,

you've got a regular Yankee face, in spite of all your trappings. You look like—you've got Connecticut stamped all over you."

Tim motioned for a nearby Mexican boy to follow with the hand baggage. Miss Abigail handed him her parasol. He raised it and held it above her as she placed her gloved hand in his crooked elbow. He led her carefully down the stairs, across the plaza and past the stores, the boy following in awed admiration.

Tim held his head high and scarcely looked to right or left. He had the respectful sympathy of the entire town as he held to the line of duty, for he had won his spurs. Tiny parasols or ankle length dresses of crisp silk were not considered humorous in Barranca if a strange lady chose to array herself that way. In truth there was a distinction about Abigail Winslow that gave her the right of way.

A man came out of Red's place, mounted a pony and rode away toward the canyon. Tim recognized Yuma Sloan, up to his usual trick, slipping away from the ranch for a drink and a play at the wheel. Yuma knew that Tim knew and also that Tim wouldn't tell, which was something of an unexpressed, perhaps unconscious, compliment.

**A**BIGAIL Winslow regarded the ranch rig without enthusiasm.

"Do you expect me to ride in that contraption?" she demanded.

"I'm very sorry," apologized Tim, "an' I had some doubts. Most of our guests come on horseback, but this is the only carriage on the place."

"Just as I feared. Quite barbaric."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the cowboy. "Our roads are a little bad but now we've cleaned out the bears and Injuns we'll get around to being civilized after a spell." He checked himself suddenly, ashamed. "May I assist you—No, excuse me, please. I'll drive up alongside that high walk so's you can step in."

Tim brought the team around until the buggy seat was almost even with the raised walk in front of Red's place. Then he tied the horses and went back after Miss Abigail who refused to move an inch without escort.

Again she took his arm and he held the parasol while they moved in state to where he gently helped her into the ancient vehicle. A few of his town acquaintances hastily dodged into Red's place as they approached, being a little shy on correct usage for such a meeting.

She settled into the seat with a sigh of resignation. Tim tossed the Mexican boy a coin and saw that the baggage was safely stowed in the wagon box.

"This country keeps getting more beautiful the longer you know it," he ventured as they left the town.

"It's nothing but a stone quarry as far as I can see," she declared. "Do we have to go over those mountains?"

"Through them," he explained. "We climb up the Santa Teresa valley thru

Apache canyon where the Mexican school is."

"Apache?" she demanded. "Are there wild Indians there?"

"They're all on the reservation, and not very wild," he assured motioning toward the east with his whip. "Miles away."

"What is your position with Mr. Peterson?" she asked as they entered the canyon.

"Just now I'm a kind of buyer," he explained. "But I'm really a puncher."

"A what?"

"Cowboy, excuse me."

"Certainly, but please talk English. You seem to be an intelligent and mannerly young man. There are not many now in the east."

"Thank you ma'am. There has been some improvement in decorum since Miss Ann came to the ranch. But I thought everyone in the east always acted just right."

The canyon walls were closing in on them. She gave a little scream as they entered the first ford.

"Don't be afraid, it's not up to the hubs," he explained but he felt again the cold chill of an unconquered fear.

The stream seemed swifter than usual and the light wagon swung downstream as the horses plunged up the opposite bank. He glanced at the wheels and saw that they had been in far above the hubs. Startled, he touched the whip to the horses and sent them trotting along the rough road.

Twice he splashed through water where the trail close to the river bank was covered. There was one more ford before they could reach the new high road at the Mexican village.

"The creek's up a little today," he explained, keeping his voice low and steady. "Right ahead we're going through again, so just hold tight to me."

She had no time to object as Tim sent the horses into the stream. They flound-



Yuma Sloan complains to Old Man Peterson about Tim's actions.

ered and stumbled against hidden rocks, sinking almost from sight. The wagon box floated and swung with the current. Grips and handboxes swirled away downstream.

Then the team plunged up out of the swirl, dragging the buggy which reeled crazily from side to side. The vehicle righted when the wheels slid again into the ruts.

Tim laid on the whip and the frightened animals swung up the slope onto a stretch of solid trail. He knew such speed was dangerous but in that moment of struggle against the current he had seen again the swirling Cimarron, the wild tangle of horses and wagon sweeping everything he knew and loved into dark oblivion.

Again the cries rang in his ears as though from a great distance. Faint calls of "Tim! Tim!" flashed through his memory more clearly than ever before since that terrible night. Something more than had laid buried under the weight of many years—David! She was calling "David!" too.

**T**HAT was the name of the bearded man.

That was the name he had tried to remember. She was calling to them out of the night—out of the past—the man and the little boy. And someone was calling to her. "Deb! Oh, Deborah. Where are you?" The last cry was smothered, but seemed now to echo in his mind against the swirl of rushing waters.

Tim's head cleared as he passed the raise in the trail. He shouted at the team and laid on the whip. Again he was fighting for life, and now for the life of another. This time the river would lose. He felt anger, defiance, hatred of the foaming river, but no longer fear.

Abigail Winslow released him and held tightly to the side of the seat, grim of face uncertain whether she should be frightened.

"Young man," she said icily. "I'm soaking wet and the water was right in the buggy. Is this a western joke?"

"No, ma'am," Tim managed to say, guiding the team with all his strength and skill between great boulders and the cliff. "It's no joke. Sunset dam has gone out and we're got to make the high road—and help Ann and the little Mexes. Hang on tight."

"There's real danger?"

"I'm afraid so. We ought to make it now, only a quarter mile or so."

"Certainly we shall make it," she declared. The voice was a trifle faint but firm enough. "You 'tend to your driving and I'll 'tend to myself."

"That's the way Miss Ann's folks would talk," he thought proudly.

With the responsibility for her safety he felt a fighting enthusiasm new to him within those canyon walls. The road slid down alongside the foaming river. Just ahead the trail was lost to sight beneath circling eddies that reached the canyon walls on both sides.

"We're going' right through!" he warned. "The trail's there."

The water came up to the wagon box and around their feet, but she neither spoke nor clng to him. She held tightly to the seat and looked straight ahead, with now and then a glance at the flood in the river channel.

The water shoaled as the trail met another rise. The team swirled around a bend and splashed into a wide lake of shallow water where the canyon widened at San Jose. Ahead lay the town, water pounding around the adobes, slowly climbing the steps of the little church. Tim caught a flash of movement and color against the hillside back of the homes and mission. Then he swung the horses onto the new high road and climbed up the smooth white surface back of the village where tall pines shadowed the canyon walls.

He passed people he vaguely recognized, toiling up the road with great burdens of household goods. Horses and cattle contested his right of way. Boats, dogs, fowls, scurried ahead or into the underbrush of the timbered cliff.

High above San Jose he finally pulled in the plunging team. He let them stand a moment, talking to them until they quieted down enough to allow him to dismount. Miss Abigail needed no aid. She climbed over the wheel and was clambering down the blasted rubble and rocks of the cliff toward the submerged town even before Tim tied the horses.

The flood already covered the lower part of the buildings and was climbing up the cliffs toward where groups had taken refuge. The slope was a confused mass of movement as the Mexicans with their live stock scrambled ahead of the rising waters.

"There's Ann!" the New England spinster called back to him. "She's helping the children. There are some foreign women with her."

"I hope she got them all," he panted when he overtook her. "See—some of the children are with their parents in the other groups. I reckon they're all safe, but they'd better keep climbing. The town's sure to go."

Ann looked up when he called to her. "Hurry," she cried. "We can't get them around the ledge."

**T**IM started, then remembered his decorum. "If you'll permit me?" he said, turning to Miss Abigail.

"By all means," she replied. "I'm coming, too."

"Don't," he ordered, but she paid no heed. Tim slid down the slope, picking his way over great rocks blasted from above by the road makers, sliding in loose rubble, working from tree to tree.

A figure detached itself from a group of refugees, farther down the slope toward where the road rose from the flood. Yuma Sloan, too, had heard Ann's call and was hurrying toward her. Tim had forgotten Yuma and was none too pleased to see him now but Sloan was picking his way with infinite care along the sloping ledge, making slow progress, and taking no chances.

Tim saw the last of the wooden shacks below float away and break up against rocks or canyon walls. Abodes were crumbling, with water more than half way up their walls. The entire end of one sank slowly into the flood as he watched. The thick earthen walls of the old mission, braced by wings of baked brick, still held. The steps and landing were gone. The buttresses caught and held a tangle of tree limbs, boards and other debris against the north-

ern wall.

There was no sign of life in all the town, except a fowl or two on roofs or flotsam. From the cliff below him the Mexicans called back and forth to each other or to the children huddled around Ann and two of the mothers. Some were climbing up the slopes dragging great bundles of bedding or household goods. The corral below was empty and he saw Ann's pony grazing quietly on the grassy slope.

The water came up to the little ledge where Ann had taken refuge with her flock. The last twenty feet he made in one slide, catching himself on a tree just above her head. Then he lay flat on the overhanging rock and lifted the children from her arms, one by one. Already the water was above her shoes, still rising.

**T**HE two Mexican women came next and Ann las. Tim held her in his arms a moment before he let her go. Both were trembling with exertion and excitement.

"Aunt Abigail?" she asked, in reawakened fear.

He pointed up the slope. Abigail Winslow had halted in the security of imbedded rocks and heavier growth. Her dress was torn and soiled, the prim bonnet perched rakishly, but she was gathering about her the children sent on from below, wiping away their tears with New England lace.

Clinging to the cliff near the water's edge, Ann and Tim watched home after home merge into the flood. Not forty feet away stood the mission, but cut off by the sullen eddies that circled around the rear of the building and reached half way up the walls.

The little church trembled under pressure of the waters and the pounding of debris. There was a faint sound from the swaying bell.

"Like the knell of a lost epoch," Ann said, tears in her eyes.

"See how great chunks of the wall keep falling away," warned Tim, pointing to another black mass sinking from sight. "Nothing can save the church—even if the water goes down soon."

Yuma slid down, with a rattle of rocks, and stood at their side. "Won't do no good," he said. "They'll just go and build another."

"There'll never be another San Buenaventura—or another seventeenth century," said Ann. But she turned away from him because she knew he would not understand.

"It was hard to get the children out," she told Tim. "They were so sure nothing could happen to them there. I had to go back after Mercedes and Lola and then some of the children found their parents and I couldn't keep track of them all."

"Ninita! Mardre Mia!" The Mexicans lining the hillside were shouting, calling and motioning toward the mission.

"Mercedes!" "Probrecita!" "Madre Mia!" "Madre Mia!"

There was movement on the red tiled roof of the ancient mission, a tiny figure clinging to the raised arch of abode within which swung the bell.

"It's Mercedes!" Ann cried. "See—over there—the cacique is holding the mother back. Oh, can't we do something?"

"You don't see anybody doin' anything,



do you?" sneered Yuma. "No Mex is goin' into the flood for any kid."

"They will," insisted Ann, frantically, "but they'll be too late—always they're too late. Oh if I—"

"I'll go over after her," Tim heard himself volunteer. He recalled that decorum required an assured composure in moments of greatest doubt, and the moment that he had spoken he felt the full measure of those doubts, his greatest fears. There was cause enough for doubt, for Tim Brady never had learned to swim.

**S**TILL the very terror that had become a part of his life turned all his compassion toward the screaming child—challenged the self respect for which he had fought so long.

Tim lowered himself waist deep in the water, holding to an overhanging aspen, feeling his way down the submerged cliff. He glanced quickly about the circling driftwood, wondering, too, if Yuma would not find the manhood to follow and lend a hand.

"Don't be a fool!" Yuma called, more in defense of his own cowardice than in sincere warning. Ann climbed down to the water's edge and left the foreman there alone.

Tim saw nothing that gave promise of support, except the trunk of a dead tree floating a dozen feet off shore. The aspen bent under his weight as the cliff sunk away beneath his feet. Then he let go and splashed the water violently with arms and legs.

His fingers almost touched the floating trunk but the water was pulling him down. It covered his mouth and nose. It shut out the light. He held his breath as he sank into the darkness. There was a roar in his ears and his frantic struggles churned the water into a muddy whirlpool.

His feet touched solid rock and he gave a mighty shove. He came up again into the light, splashing, gasping. His fingers touched the tree trunk, slid to a broken branch. For a moment he held himself there, drawing deep breaths.

Under pressure the tree moved very slowly toward the rear mission wall. He found that by kicking hard he could partially control its direction, but in spite of his efforts it cleared the upstream corner, pivoted with one end against the back wall, swung completely around and crashed against the downstream buttress.

The branch in his hand grazed the brick support that braced the outer wall of sun-baked earth. Tim let go and clutched the slanting, slimy surface as the tree swung out into the current and raced toward the channel of the Rio Asuncion.

Above his head were the round ends of protruding roof poles. The buttress, roughly built, offered purchase for his feet. In an instant he swung onto the ancient tiles.

The little girl still huddled in fear near the bell opening of the swaying mission. She sobbed in terror as she looked out upon the river and held tightly to the rotting wooden framework of the belfry.

She clung to him as he picked her up and swung her to his shoulder. Her sobbing turned to wide-eyed, silent surprise when he laughed as though it all were part of a jolly game, half chanting, half singing:

"High-in the bel-fry the old sexton stands—"

That was the only thing he could think of—the old remembered song so keenly associated with the swirl and pound of dark waters. But there was defiant triumph in his tones. Twice he had cheated the waters and once again he would.

The Mexicans shouted when they saw the little girl raised high—a medley of encouragement and hope with now and then a word he understood. They were clambering along the waterline of the cliff, making their way downstream. Several men had waded out into the shallowed water on the lower reaches of the new road where the widened valley narrowed back into the gorge. One, waist deep, was holding a lariat.

Mercedes screamed and clutched at his face and hair as he started down the ladder, seeking some safer method of escape. His way was barred by heavy benches and desks, battered against the downstream wall on the current through the opening opposite.

He placed his foot against the tangle but could not move it enough to clear the ladder. Within a foot of his shoe he saw the head of a rattler, its long form twisted around the back of a bench. He drew quickly back and retreated half way up the ladder.

A great crack opened in the southern wall, ten feet away, widening as the current swung through. Then an entire section of the wall fell away, with clatter of roof poles and crashing tiles.

Desperate, Tim glanced around for something that would float. Every loose wooden object in the mission already had disappeared through the break in the southern way or with the falling facade. Except the ladder! It was a massive affair, two stout tree trunks held together by fitted rungs almost as heavy, and suspended from pins in a roof beam.

He tried to lift it from the pins, using all his strength. The beam above tore loose from the wall and sagged with its weight of tiles just above their heads. The wall fell outward under the leaning weight of the ladder and sunk in a welter of boiling mud.

Lying flat on the ladder, the screaming child's arm wound tightly around his neck, Tim slid out into the open water.

**H**e was midway between the cliff and the open channel of the river, but the current was carrying him away from safety. On the bank he could see people running. Their shouts came to him above the lessening thunder of the flood.

Tim lowered himself into the water, holding to one side of the ladder, talking in low tones to the frightened child.

"See, Mercedes, hermanita!" he exulted. "I walk! My feet are on the ground. Look—someone rides out from the new road."

Ann was coming toward them across the lowering waters that reached half way up the pony's body. She had neither saddle or bridle but she guided the pony with her hands as it picked its way perilously, nervously, with many a stop and detour, across and around the hummocks that had been homes.

Not until she lifted the little girl from his shoulders, with many a comforting word, did Tim release his hold on the lad-

der. Even with his hand on the pony's mane he found the current swift enough at first to tax his strength. Slowly they made their way toward shore. Several of the Mexicans had caught their ponies and followed; others, men and women, waded out to meet them.

Yuma Sloan was nowhere in sight but Abigail Winslow met them where they splashed up onto the firm footing of the high road.

"Well, you're both a sight!" she welcomed.

Gently he pushed his way through the crowd. Then he remembered his decorum and offered an arm to the New England spinster. Abigail took it—proudly—and they moved up the road together, Ann's pony following.

Tim read the pride in Ann's eyes. "The man who was afraid of water," she said gently.

"I almost forgot," declared Tim, running a soggy sleeve across his face, "but I remembered some mighty important things today. Her name was Deborah—the lady in the covered wagon—and she called him David."

"What is the man talking about?" demanded Abigail.

Auntie, I'm going to marry Timothy," Ann explained quickly, seriously. "Brady isn't his real name. He was found by the Bradys near the Cimarron river, back on the plains. His parents were swept away by a flood and he doesn't know who they were. We'll tell you about it on the way home."

"Going to marry—" Abigail glanced from her niece to the tanned young man. "Well, you might do worse." She regarded Tim keenly, critically. "Yankee," she said. "David and Deborah. It just isn't possible!"

**T**HERE was work at the Lazy Y for every man who could be found, riding, desperate labor, all the fevered struggle of salvage and sanitation. The flood had scattered or mired the cattle and cost Peterson at least a hundred head. Mounted and working from daylight until long past dark, Tim forgot his resignation, overlooked even his dislike for Yuma in the common cause of reconstruction.

Within a week another visitor came to the Lazy Y, a friend of the Winslows. He towered even above Yuma and Peterson, a great white-bearded giant, rugged and dominant in spite of the weight of years.

Squire Sampson seemed no more out of place among the western rocks than he did in his own New England village bank or in the legislature of his state.

He was interested in the young man Ann Winslow meant to marry, and particularly in all that Tim remembered of the lady who wore a cameo pin and sang to him in the covered wagon.

"There's no doubt at all, Abigail," he said one night. "He has his father's voice and ways, but it's Debby he favors—and he has my name. He remembers exactly how she looked and even that song her mother used to sing to her. The names are enough—and it was the Cimarron, you remember, where they— And they never found the boy."

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# Discovery of an Anonymous Author

*Rev. Wilfred Fallis, a Contributor to the first "Heart Throbs" book, who sent in an original poem instead of a clipping, was the unknown author of a poem titled "Farewell"*

A THRILL of discovery comes to an editor when he is able to find the author of an anonymous article or poem which had impressed him.

When the selections were being made for the book "Heart Throbs" a poem titled "Farewell" was sent in but no author given. After a search to find it, because only published verse was used, it was labeled anonymous. As the circulation of the book increased, there seemed to be a personal interest attached by readers to many of the rare gems of prose and verse sent in by fifty thousand people.

Years later a letter was received from the author, Rev. Wilfred G. Fallis of Geneva, Indiana. It seems that he had sent in as his contribution one of his own poems, not understanding that it was to be a collection of poems that had been printed and tested by readers. The judges assumed that it had been copied or clipped from some magazine or collection of verse, as was the case with the great mass of contributions. Writing later to Mr. Fallis, it was learned that he had selected the poem as one of his favorites from the verse that he had written himself and conceived the idea of sending it in, competing with the clippings from magazines sent in by others.

We now take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the *National Magazine* who sent in the contributions for the "Heart Throbs" books that the poem "Farewell" which has proven very popular among the readers, is here printed with the credit due to the author.

## FAREWELL

Farewell! there is a pathos in that word  
Which time alone can never satisfy;  
A conscious parting from the things that  
were  
The sunshine and the cloud of days gone  
by.

Farewell! when man's true heart hath spoke  
that word  
And turned him to the onward outlook  
broad;  
Naught can make up to him what he hath  
lost  
Save Heaven and home, eternity and God.

And inward faith that there is no farewell;  
But just the semblance of a thing that's  
not;  
The drawing o'er the past a time-made veil  
Which the Almighty's hand had kindly  
wrought.

To keep men looking upward to the heights  
Beyond whose cliffs eternal pleasures lie;

Bathed in the glory of a perfect light!

Kissed by the beauty of the bye and bye.

Farewell! 'tis but the hunger in the soul  
For man's salvation, and for Heaven  
above;

The craving for a ransomed universe,  
The "Mine of Christ," the triumph, and  
the love.



Wilfred B. Fallis

Naturally, this incident led to a special editorial quest concerning the shy Indiana poet. Wilfred B. Fallis is now the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Geneva, Indiana. Wallace Township, Perth County, Ontario was the place of his birth. While his parents were born in Canada, his grandparents on both the maternal and paternal side were all natives of Ireland. His father and mother located in a district known as the "Queen's Bush," and played their part in the pioneer life of the country, transforming the wild forest land into a rich and productive agricultural area. Graduating from High School at Listowel Wilfred Fallis later attended the Teachers College at Stratford. While teaching school at Carthage, he continued an omnivorous reader, with a love of literature surpassing any other study in the school curriculum. In imagination he lived with the heroes of history. His first poem was written at the age of sixteen entitled "The Boatman's Dream." It was highly imaginative, but Mr. Fallis says to this day in spite of its vague conception it is one of his favorite brain children.

THE Methodist circuit riders were welcome guests in his childhood home, and at the suggestion of an older brother who was a minister in southern Michigan, he came to the United States to take up the duties of a circuit rider at Penfield, near Battle Creek, Michigan.

In his letters he has described fully the thrill he experienced when he crossed the line at Port Huron and saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. It was about this time that the poem "Farewell" was written,—but I must continue in the author's own words:

"I saw the 'Stars and Stripes' floating in the breeze where formerly I had been conscious of 'The Union Jack'. At this time 'Farewell' was written. I have come to love 'The Stars and Stripes' sincerely and loyally and I am now a naturalized citizen of the United States since the year 1916 and have become such because I believe a man should become a citizen of, and be true to the country that gives him his bread and butter. Still I believe that every true man will always cherish for Aye The Land of His Birth.

"My circuit in the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Penfield was "a six-appointment" circuit, when I had money enough I drove thirteen miles Sunday mornings preached at North West Assyria and drove back preaching at "Bell's", "Boughton" and Penfield in the evening making a twenty-six mile drive with horse and buggy and preaching four times each Sunday. When money was scarce I would walk thirteen miles Saturday afternoon to North West Assyria and walk thirteen miles back and preach four times on Sunday. About this time I became interested in The Prize Contest in the *National Magazine* edited by Joe Mitchell Chapple. I wondered what fate my poem "Farewell" would meet if submitted in such a contest so I sent the manuscript to my brother who was a Methodist Minister at Schoolcraft, Michigan and asked him to type-write it for me he did so sent it back to me to Penfield and I sent it in.

"The first poem of mine that appeared in *The Michigan Christian Advocate* entitled "The Pilgrim" gave me a "thrill" it was printed about the year 1910. About the same time the *Detroit Times* used to publish my poems occasionally, The Unemployed and The All Employed, The Fall of the Money-God Sufficiently, Rejuvenescence, and several other Poems appeared in the *Detroit Times*, and for a few years poems at intervals were published in the *Michigan Christian Advocate of Detroit*.

"I was profoundly impressed by a remark  
(Continued on Page 64)"

# Frederick Converse, American Composer

*A sketch of the creative work of Frederick Shepherd Converse, genial and popular Dean of the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the largest in the world*

by JNO. BENNETT METCALF

THERE are few living composers who have achieved such a large measure of success as far as the relation between their art and the public is concerned as has Frederick Shepherd Converse, the present Dean of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

His genial personality and ability have impressed the students in their work in such a way that it is agreed among them that they have the best Dean in the country directing musical education.

Mr. Converse's remarkable ability and characteristics as a teacher are fully appreciated by those having the good fortune to come under his tutelage. The manner in which he presents the subject and explains in detail the intricacies of harmony and musical appreciation provide a reason for the popularity of this Dean with his enthusiastic pupils.

This was due to studying with the renowned Joseph Rheinberger in Konigliche Akademie der Tomkunst in Munich, his understanding of musical form is highly developed. After graduating with highest honors from the Akademie, he returned to this country and for two years taught Harmony in the New England Conservatory of Music, and later became an instructor in music at Harvard. He was soon promoted to the assistant professorship, but in 1907 resigned to devote his entire attention to composition. During his years at Harvard Mr. Converse wrote some of his more popular works, including the "Mystic Trumpeter," his first opera, "The Pipe of Desire"; "Jeanne d'Arc" and his large choral work "Job".

When the Boston Opera Company was organized in 1908, Mr. Converse was very active in the enterprise and became its first vice-president. Shortly afterwards he went to Europe, partly in the interests of this new undertaking, and also that he might come in contact with the current musical influences of the Continent. He settled with his family in Vevey, Switzerland, within easy traveling distance of Ber-

lin, Hamburg, and other musical centers. His second opera "The Sacrifice" was composed in the summer of 1908, and in November of that year a performance of "Job"

distinguished men, was chosen to write the music in commemoration of this event. Only the outstanding musicians of the country were selected for this great honor, and the ensuing work, known as "The Masque of St. Louis", was indeed a masterpiece.

During the war, his activities were numerous. He entered the Motor Corps of the Massachusetts State Guard as a private, and after serving for several months, became a lieutenant in the supply department of the 13th regiment under Colonel Frothingham and later as captain. He was prominent in promoting music in the training camps and in conducting community choruses. At the request of the United States government and in collaboration with John Alden Carpenter, he composed a symphonic arrangement of the national anthem which was played by orchestras throughout the war.

In September 1920 he became a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music as teacher of musical theory and composition and in 1931 was appointed dean of that institution, still retaining part of his teaching activities.

In 1926 the David Bispham Medal was conferred upon him for his opera "The Pipe of Desire". This was presented under the auspices of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs in Boston.

A constant and never failing source of inspiration to Mr. Converse throughout his long and arduous years of diligent study, Mrs. Converse has as-

assisted materially in encouraging efforts at composition. While not a musician herself Mrs. Converse is appreciative of good music and artistic in her tastes. They were married in June, 1894, and have had two sons, Frederick S. Jr., and Edmund Winchester II, both deceased, and five daughters, Louise, Augusta, Marie, Virginia, and Elizabeth Converse. Mr. Converse and his wife are now deservedly proud of their fourteen grandchildren.

Recreation days are enjoyed in playing polo, golfing, shooting, fishing and sailing.



*Frederick Shepherd Converse, One of America's Foremost Composers and Dean of the New England Conservatory of Music*

in which Schuman-Heink sang a leading role was presented in Hamburg.

The directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company chose his opera "The Pipe of Desire" as the most notable opera written by an American composer up to that time, and in 1910 Mr. Converse and his family returned to this country for the first performance.

I N 1914, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of St. Louis, Mr Converse, in company with Percy Mackaye and other



at his summer home on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire, his favorite retreat for rest and work. The quietude of the lake and woods provide a favorable and inspiring environment for musical creation.

LIGHT works constitute the earlier period of his career as a composer, of which three alone are of significance in the record of his music: the "Sonata for Violin and Piano" opus one, the "String Quartet in E Flat" opus 3, and the "Symphony in D Minor" opus 7. An adherence to the accepted in classical forms and a tendency toward an academic type of composition characterize Mr. Converse's early compositions. A growing command of musical form and instrumental technique is apparent in his "Symphony in D Minor" which was the most notable work of this early period. It was written for academic honors during his study at the Royal Academy of Music in Munich under Rheinberger. The symphony is in four movements, and is introduced with a virile theme announced by the strings. This is the Allegro Moderato. The next movement, The Adagio is simple in form and contains an expressive melody. This is followed by the Allegro molto Vivace with a slightly humorous motif. The finale is a vigorous dance form known as the Rondo. The symphony ends with a brilliant coda in which the first theme reappears, developing into a brilliant climax.

While none of these works are outstanding, they show a great determination to master the technique of composition and give promise of great development in the handling of mediums of expression.

With his student days behind him, Mr. Converse turned to more serious forms of composition. In the years from 1900 to 1916, he composed numerous symphonic works, typical of which are "The Festival of Pan", "Endymion's Narrative" and the two poems for piano and orchestra, known as "Night" and "Day". A symphonic poem for baritone and orchestra "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" was also written during this so-called 'Middle Period' of his career.

After writing several songs and some chamber music, Mr. Converse returned to the orchestral field in his composition "The Mystic Trumpeter" after the poem of the same name by Walt Whitman. After this piece, Mr. Converse turned to works of a dramatic nature, and the first of these was a romantic grand opera in one act "The Pipe of Desire". This work, the first American opera to be presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company, was of far reaching significance, and marked a great step forward in the successful production of American opera.

The "Sacrifice" a grand opera in three acts, the second opera written by Mr. Converse, appeared in 1911. It was first performed on March 3, 1911 at the Boston Opera House with Wallace Goodrich, the present director of the New England Conservatory, as conductor. In the Boston Advocate of March 4, 1911, Louis C. Elson commented, "It is probably the most important grand opera yet written."

"Sindbad, The Sailor" and "The Immigrants", two other grand operas which he wrote at this time, have never been produced and are still in manuscript. Mr.

Converse's rare gifts of interpretations and his ability as a dramatic composer were generally recognised. One can only hope that at some future date the musical world will be given the opportunity of hearing these works.

Besides his symphonic and dramatic works of this period, Mr. Converse wrote several noteworthy songs and choral works and numerous compositions in the field of chamber music.

Two symphonies, "The Symphony in C Minor" and the "Symphony in E Minor" mark the beginning of his later period of composition and show a return to the conventional form of expression.

Mr. Converse, in commenting on the "Symphony in C Minor", the first of these two works, writes: "There is no programme, although there is an expression of moods and emotions which I think reflect something of the feelings that we all have been through during the stress of the last few years. I had in mind the young men and women of our land during the trials of the war. The point of view is subjective and human, rather than impersonal and epic. I have used the symphonic form because it suited my needs of expression and not from any special desire to write a conventional symphony."

IN reference to his second symphony of this period, the composer writes, "I do not give a literal musical analysis—I would rather let the music speak for itself, will not attempt to put tags on my themes. I only hope that the music will not be boring to many and that some will be moved by it."

Dean Converse having written so many works during the last decade, it would, indeed, be impossible to even list them in this limited space. One, however, due to its great popularity, deserves special mention. This is his symphony, "Flivver Ten Million".

The familiar slogan "The ten millionth Ford is serving its owner" inspired the symphony on the Boston Symphony Program of April 15, 1927. Mr. Converse relates how this work came into being;

"This remarkable statement seemed to me to be worthy of celebration in verse. What other product of this age has so entwined itself around the lives of our people? The marvel of its success seemed far to outshine the wonders of Aladdin's lamp, or the golden touch of Midas. Here was epic poetry right at hand, and as I thought of it, it seemed that the things about us are more vital to us than anything else. The ancients has their 'Scylla and Charybdis' and we have our semaphore and 'traffic cop' all equally perilous to pass; and I believe that the moon shines as tenderly on the roadside in Westwood as ever it did on the banks of the Euphrates. Hearing and admiring 'Pacific 231' I said to myself, 'I, too, must try something of the kind for the Flivver.'

"I set about it purely for my own amusement, and not too seriously, for he who wishes to express American life must include the saving grace of humor. I wondered what Mark Twain would have done with such a theme, if he had been a musician? The piece turned out to be quite frankly

programme music and this is the story as it came to me:

1. *Dawn in Detroit*  
Chanticleer announces the dawn, the city stirs, sunrise.
2. *The Call to Labor*  
Bells, distant factory whistles, March of the Toilers.
3. *The Din of the Builders*  
Fugal factory noises.
4. *The Birth of the Hero*  
From the welter emerges the Hero, full fledged ready for service. He tries his mettle. He wanders off into the great world in search of adventure.
5. *May Night by the Roadside*  
America's Romance
6. *The Joy Riders*  
America's Frolic
7. *The Collision*  
America's Tragedy
8. *Phoenix Americanus*  
The Hero, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable spirit of America.

"The form is entirely free, the above episodes are rather short and are contained in one movement. There are some chief motives which serve for thematic development, like that of the 'Builders' theme and many subsidiary ones."

The sound effects obtained in this symphony are the very essence of ultra modernism, and show an uncanny facility in using new and original motifs in the development of his subject. In the first performance of this work by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the conductor, Dr. Koussevitsky, suggested that a more brilliant climax would be fitting, and would enhance the effect upon the listener. Acting upon his suggestion, Mr. Converse revised the final pages and wrote a new version that ended the symphony in a dramatic and colorful manner.

It is quite often the case that a lighter and more spontaneous composition of this kind is given wide notice while a more serious and profound work passes unnoticed. "Flivver Ten Million" shows creative power and a sense of dramatization deeper than first intended by the composer. Although but fourteen minutes in length, it contains a set of themes introduced in truly American style, that is, without pause. When one delves beneath the seeming din and blatant harmonies they discover an artistic merit that at first is very apt to be overlooked.

Shortly after the first performance of "Flivver Ten Million", the tone poem "California" was completed. It is an historical epic of The Golden State and sets forth in colorful and lucid manner the development of this vast empire of the west. Philip Hale wrote of this work, "In 'California' we have a pleasing succession of tunes orchestrated knowingly. . . 'California' might be called a musical procession or a musical panorama. . . It is frankly descriptive, but it is not too literally so."

Mr. Converse excels in the symphonic  
(Continued on Page 64)



# The Historic Port of the Bay Colony

## The Commonwealth of Massachusetts Has Developed Port Property in Boston Inherited From Royal Grants

by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE key to the prosperity of many nations, and even continents, are the ports. They are the portals to commercial development. As these magnets of trade flourish, so goes the country. It is the unerring barometer. New England's prestige is based primarily on its sea coast; long before the colonies were a nation they had established a world wide commerce on the seven seas. Later the triumph of the clipper ships brought the greatest era of prosperity ever known to the rockbound coast located on the farthest northeast of the map of the United States of America.

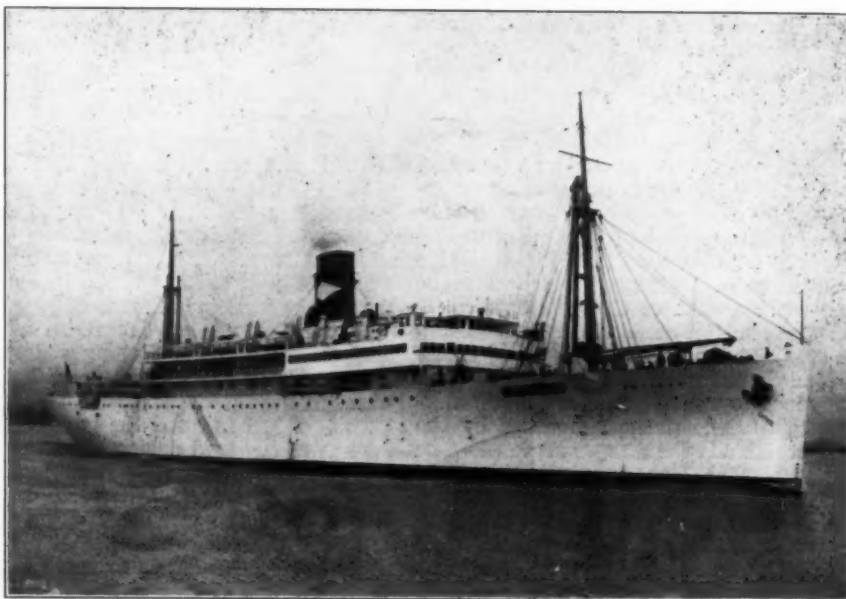
These pictures of a glorious past come to me when I visited the Commonwealth and the Fish Piers and the port facilities in Boston, owned and developed by the State of Massachusetts, now under control of the Department of Public Works.

This charter took away from the Plymouth Colony the right to govern itself in 1691 and ignited the spark that flamed fifty years later in the Declaration of Independence.

The Indian as original owner had no fee in the lands it was proclaimed,—because of his "constant migration" and his right of occupancy was generally extinguished by the colonists who received the lands. Then we wonder why there were hostile Indians when the country was invaded by whites.

The first move for independence occurred in connection with this grant of land in 1641 in a Colony ordinance, a little over twenty years after the first landing of permanent settlers in the United States was made on historic Cape Cod. The following public declaration by American colonists was called "The Body of Liberties" and foreshadowed the creation of the first republic in the western hemisphere:

At the headquarters in the State House, I learned from Port Commissioner Lyman, Mr. Parkhurst and Mr. Ferguson, the engineer, facts that are not generally known to the millions of people who own the property. From Richard H. Hale of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers I also ascertained that the original title to these lands was in the English Crown by right of discovery and possession. They passed by royal grant to private corporations, which conveyed only a fee in the soil with no rights of government. Seven years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, a company was granted



One of the thousands of trading vessels that annually enter Boston Harbor.

a strip of land extending three miles north of the Merrimack River and three miles south of the Charles River to Sir Henry Roselle and five associates. Later a charter was given this company by Charles II, of England, creating a corporate body known as the "Massachusetts Bay Colony" whose territory included: "lande upon the mayne and . . . the islands and seas adjoining."

Every inhabitant who is an householder shall have free fishing and fowling in any great pond, bays, coves, and rivers, so far as the sea ebbs and flows within the precincts of the town where they dwell, unless the free men of the same town or the General Court have otherwise appropriated them.

This ordinance invested the ownership of the flats in the owners of the upland in fee, to be held subject to the general rights of the public enumerated until built upon or enclosed, but provided such structure should not impede the passage of vessels. The King, and after the American Revolution, the State of Massachusetts, was invested with supreme control over the shores of the sea and the waters for the protection of the rights of navigation. It is interesting to note that no recreation rights, such as bathing, were reserved in the shores of beaches,—so that Revere Beach and Nantasket reservations were not included in this original Body of Liberties.

In 1858 the Massachusetts Land Office was abolished, and a Land Agent of the State was given charge of all the lands, flats, shores, and rights in tidewater belonging to the commonwealth, except in the Back Bay.

In 1866 the State began the construction of a sea wall, and later the appropriation of \$200,000 was made to fill in the land. At

this time transfers were made to the railroad companies for terminal facilities.

The Harbor and Land Commission completed the Dry Dock and the development of the Commonwealth flats and sold the land for the Army Base and the Dry Dock later to the Federal Government. Seven hundred and fifty acres of land, partly filled, representing a net cost to the state of \$700,000 are today assessed in excess of \$100,000 000.

The Boston Harbor and Port improvements of the State of Massachusetts represent an expenditure of over \$22,000,000 by the state and \$14,000,000 by the Federal Government.

These sums roughly cover the extent of public works developed in a continuous record of over one hundred and fifty years in the port of Boston by the state which succeeded the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Thriving ports are invariably independent of the direct ownership or control by railroad and steamship lines, as is the case in New York, Boston and all large export centers.

The list of the steamship lines now doing business in and out of the Port of Boston is most imposing. Vessels sailing from this port touch nearly all of the important marine centers of the world.

The fact that Boston is practically one day's sail nearer Europe than New York has not proven an advantage, even with the saving in time on the sea, because of a differential in rail rates, which has militated against Boston, persistently and continually, since the days of railroads and the development of New York as the great harbor of the country which has helped to make it the business metropolis of the nation, and the financial center of the world.

The Port of Boston is preeminently equip-

ped with facilities for handling bulk freight, under cover or in the open. There are over 3,500,000 square feet available for storage, with a capacity of nearly 900,000 tons.

IF every man and woman in Massachusetts engaged in making a livelihood, and paying taxes could make a trip to the piers owned by the commonwealth they might feel as I felt, a personal pride of ownership and personal interest in the affairs of the Port of Boston. It may require getting up in the morning, for shipping moves early despite the tides. Looking upon the ships that come and go and pass in the night, there is a thrill in the realization that you are looking upon vessels that have come from ports of the seven seas. Supplementing this, is a view of the Charlestown Navy Yard, one of the first and largest in the country, where the historic frigate "Constitution" was saved from destruction by the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which has maintained the best traditions of the American Navy and golden era of New England merchant marine. With this sweeping view is the gigantic Army Base, largest of its kind in the world, a product of the World War; the Fish Pier unparalleled in the facilities and capacity by any other of its kind on the globe; the Commonwealth Pier with its approaches over the network of railroads and convenient switching facilities. The scalloped border of docks on past Fort Point Channel across on up the Charles to the historic Mystic is a part of the historic water front of Boston with its Hoosac wharves and the Navy Yard, circling back again to the line up of East Boston piers to the Anchorage Basin. This presents

inspiring marine port panorama. Adjoining this, is the East Boston Airport with its facilities for seaplane landings. Here are provided port facilities by land, sea, and by sky, in sight of the old belfry tower of North Church where Paul Revere had the signal that marked the beginning of the struggle for liberty.

In the midst of this harbor parade stands the towering Custom House tower with its beacon light for mariners by sea, and aviators by air.

With this perspective and sweeping inventory of the advantages of the Port of Boston, it would seem as if the people of the state should more generally appreciate the privileges of ownership to the extent of having every pound of freight that they can direct, shipped to this port and personally urge all friends leaving for a foreign shore to embark from the home town when all other things are equal. The millions of dollars that have been spent by New England people through the port of New York in passage money and freight that could just as well have been expended at home would make the thrifty New Englander shiver if he could comprehend all that it means in dollars and cents in the pocket to every resident of the New England area.

IN order to make this a conviction the citizen must visit and know about property to which he as a resident has a title just as definite as if the deed was in his own name. It is the most extensive and valuable ownership of port property held by any one state in the Union—for the New York docks are owned by the city.

That is why I made my journey to the

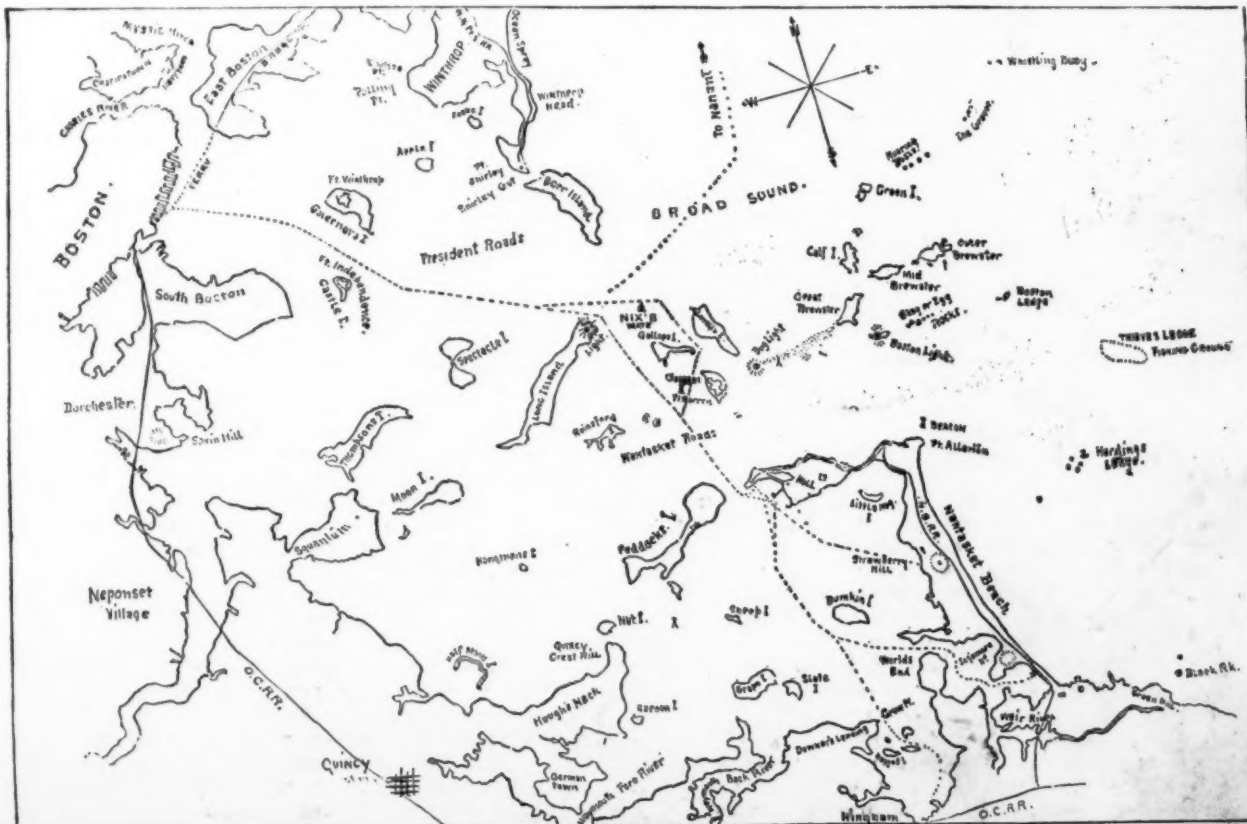
pier which resulted in a vow never to leave this country by water unless I sailed from Boston, and that every pound of freight that I could route, directly or indirectly, should come through the portals of my home town. With this modest promise multiplied by the millions of people in Massachusetts and New England who have with me in common the ownership of the property, it would require but a few years to give the port of Boston its just and rightful proportion of commerce as an Atlantic port where the interests of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are so extensive.

\* \* \*

SINCE then I have seen ocean liners and coastwise vessels leave for voyages in the seven seas from Boston.

I was especially interested in the handsome new vessels of the Canadian National Steamships, which have had more sailings in and out of Boston than any other one line during the past year. The boats are the pride and gems of the shipbuilding craft. As one passenger remarked, "There are miniature Mauretanas and government yachts," for the passengers have felt on these ships as they do with those of the United Fruit Company and other coastwise lines that they are actually enjoying all the pleasures and advantages of sea travel that can possibly be had by the millionaire with his private yachts, going hither and yon, wherever he likes, with all the luxuries of any home. I witnessed the docking of the "Lady Somers," at the Commonwealth Pier at eight A. M. on an April day. It was smooth seas, but one half hour of useless

(Continued on Page 63)



OUTLINE MAP OF BOSTON HARBOR.

# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

## *"As A Man Thinketh"*

"As a man thinketh, so is he  
Since this is so, it seems to me,  
The wise thing for a man to do  
Is just to think that he'll be true  
And upright in his mind and heart,  
As day by day he does his part;  
And, thinking on this noble plan  
He shall become a noble man.

There's naught about us sags until  
There is a sagging of the will;  
And, in the end, it is by thought  
That which the hands produce is wrought.  
A garden full of fruit—or weeds—  
Is simply thought expressed in deeds;  
There's nothing good or bad, we know,  
Except that thinking makes it so.

"As a man thinketh," so he plans  
The house erected by his hands;  
"As a man thinketh," so his life  
With blessings or with woe is rife:  
All that a mortal may find  
Is hidden somewhere in his mind;  
And his whole life is—ponder well!—  
"As a man thinketh,"—Heaven or Hell.

## *One Fixed Fact*

Said Johnnie: "History to me  
Is just as puzzling as it can be,  
But Rome was founded, I won't forget,  
By Romeo and Juliet."

## *Two Points of View*

That much the bards put forth betimes  
I used to feel quite sure  
Before I started writing rhymes  
Was really quite poor.  
But since I've tried to write, ah, me!  
I don't see how they could  
Have written so much poetry  
And made it all so good.

## *Preparedness*

Again is the Youth home from college  
A place in the world's work to seek,  
Bringing home from his search after knowledge  
Nine specially embroidered sofa pillows, three  
tennis raquets, a bundle of sweaters, base-  
ball glove and mask, a canoe, a pair of spoon  
oars, a bag of golf-sticks, a football, 17 col-  
lege pennants, fencing swords, a punching  
bag, a mandolin, and a smatter of Latin and  
Greek.

## *A Fellow Feeling*

"I am hurt more than you," said the father, "whene'er  
I must punish you, son," and thereat  
The boy raised his head as he sobbingly said,  
"Well, there's some consolation in that."

## *Sour Grapes*

A pun, though many may oppose,  
And quite refuse to take one,  
Is welcomed, so they say, by those  
Who have the wit to make one.

## *Refreshment*

Baby, when the angels sent you  
From your home up in the sky,  
Did you not get, oh, so hungry  
On the way, it made you cry?  
And the baby,—born in Boston, —  
Said: "I'm gratified to say  
That my nourishment was ample;  
I came via the Milky Way."

## *The Creator*

Deeper than the broad, blue sea  
Stronger than the rock-ribbed earth;  
Swifter than the lightning, He,  
The great Cause that gave them birth.

In His perfect strength abound  
Mighty tribes of every land;  
Height and depth and breadth profound,  
In the hollow of His hand.

Flower and fruit bedeck the vine,  
Fields regale the beast and bird;  
Sun and stars celestial shine  
At the bidding of His word.

His the mighty power that does  
All the wondrous things we see;  
He, the Source of all that was,  
All that is or is to be.

## *Between Dances*

"Until this precious evening when I met you in the dance  
My life has been a desert," murmured he;  
"Ah, that must be the reason—" here she gave his feet a  
glance,—  
"Why you waltz so like a camel," answered she.

## *Never Too Late*

It is never too late to attempt to do better,  
Never too late to determine to win—  
To brush from our thoughts every fear that would fetter  
And, summoning all of our courage, "pitch in!"  
Never too late to be helpful and sunny,  
Counting the blessings that come with the day,  
Never too late to go gathering honey  
So long as fair blossoms embroider the way.

It is never too late to be helpful to others  
Needing a "lift" as they journey along;  
Never too late to encourage our brothers  
With a word or a smile or the lilt of a song  
With green fields below, and blue skies bending over—  
It counts not how long we have fruitlessly striven—  
Never too late for our feet to discover  
The path that shall lead to the gateway of heaven.



# A Cruise to the Leeward Islanas

*Visiting Nevis, the Birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, during a Fascinating Fortnight's Cruise on the "Lady" boats of the Canadian National Steamships to the British West Indies - Historic St. Kitts, auicient Antigua and romantic Montserrat*

FRINGING the borders of the western hemisphere are tiny dots on the map in the Atlantic that fascinated me in the first days of geography lessons. These islands seemed like the outposts of our continent. They played an important part in the history of America and were the gem possessions for which Europe fought so bitterly during the three centuries following the landing of Columbus at San Salvador. Because of the contest for the control of the West Indies the British Empire lost her colonies, which later became the United States. While warring to the finish on land and sea with France and other nations to hold her possessions in the Leeward Islands and West Indies, Great Britain's then largest colonial possessions broke from the loose government moorings with the Mother Country.

In sharp contrast with the days when these islands were considered far out in the unknown ocean to the westward, I found myself aboard the Canadian National steamer at the Commonwealth Pier in Boston, fifteen minutes from my own home, embarking on a fortnight's cruise covering the Leeward Island, with all the comforts of home and the luxury of a private yacht. The log of this trip includes the personal discovery of many important historical spots seemingly overlooked in the rush of modern travel circling the globe. Best of all, it recruited another group of those lifelong friends that come in the care-free hours of a sea voyage and distant scenes.

On a wet, damp, foggy day in April with showers aplenty, we sailed down Boston harbor. There was a satisfaction to one resident of the Hub that he could sail al-

most from his front yard to ports in far distant lands, coastwise and otherwise, with as little fuss as calling a taxi or crossing the park. The "Lady Nelson" is one of that incomparable fleet of the Canadian National Steamships "Lady" boats that maintain a regular mail service, bring the Leeward Islands within a shorter travel distance with Canada and the United States than between Boston and Montreal in the old stage coach days. They represent the modern ideal in travel.

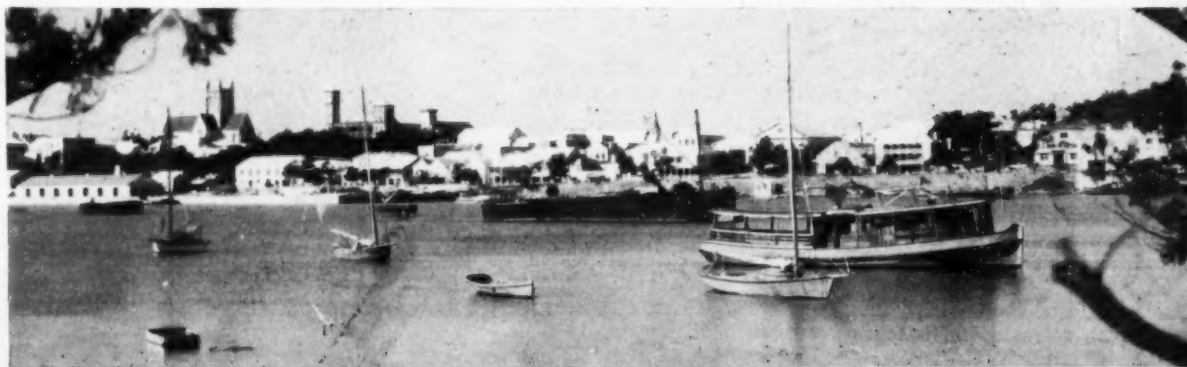
With Captain Coffin on the bridge, the swanlike hull of "Lady Nelson" swung past Minot Light as if eager to go to sea and carry on the traditions of the vasty deep associated with Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar.

Far down around Cape Cod, through the waters where the historic Mayflower concluded her eventful voyage the prow of the good ship pointed to the southeast on past Nantucket, the portal island for westbound ships' crossing the Atlantic. The fog horn maintained a steady mournful symphony, but it was music to the ears of the relaxing and tired passengers.

Appetites were aroused by the bugle call resounding the refrain of the song, "Roast beef of old England." Out on the expanse of the seas, standing by the rail meeting casually here and there, new friendships began. The sun struggling through the clouds shone upon the steamer spasmodically nestling in the bed of white foam, as she pushed along steadily and serenely amid the soothing swish of the white foam of choppy seas.



Basseterre, St. Kitts



Hamilton, Capital of Bermuda



*Plymouth Dock  
Montserrat*

WHO can ever forget the first glimpse of Bermuda! A mid-Atlantic oasis for mariners since the earliest days of exploration in 1657. In Bermuda began the traditions of rest and playdays in the march of civilization. Along the dim shore line the white roofs peeped out in the cedar groves. The vegetation of Cape Cod rather than a tropic clime was suggested. As there are no wells on these islands, the great cement walls gathered the precious drops of rain water that have quenched the thirst and given Bermudians the elixir of life for the centuries. There are no motor cars and not a sniff of gasoline. Everyone rode bicycles, not motorcycles. It was here that Tom Moore, the Irish poet, lived in the days of his creative work. An old Tavern built in 1652 marks the haunt where he foregathered with convivial companions and wrote the matchless lyric verse, including "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Believe me if all these enduring charms". Some evidences of the quaintness and quietude of the seventeenth century still prevail in homes built of coral rock overlooking on every side the wide expanse of transparent seas surrounding this group of magic Isles of Rest. There are no firearms in Bermuda, which probably accounts for the fact that in this community of thirty thousand people, of which twenty-two thousand are black, there has never been a murder recorded in the courts of this fair island within twenty years.

It is not a social offense in Bermuda to attend exclusive parties with an onion breath, for this is the home of the famous Bermuda Onion. It is the home of lilies, and they had just finished the floral festival where every home, building and projection on street and lane, were festooned with flowers.

The outlines of Bermuda on a colored map looks like a great red fish hook, lying in the broad green expanse of the mid-Atlantic. From historic St. George's, founded in 1612, to Hamilton, the capital city, and on to the very tip of the island, there are lakes and sylvan retreats and beaches where the water at 70 degrees seldom varies

that have given Bermuda its well-known name of "the Summer Isles." Hedges of red and white oleanders grow in wild profusion around the fine estates that rim the horizon line and hills.

Bermuda is the terminal of the yacht races from New England, and the expanse of shore line is utilized for all the pleasures associated with the sea. Hamilton is the center of typical colonial life of Great Britain. Some have said that these possessions have maintained more of the real old English traditions than England itself. The Cathedral, schools, and social activities give the residents of the little islands a unique and distinctive attractiveness in their home life that has lured many thousands of travelers to the Summer Isles as an ideal vacation land.

The cruise to the Leeward Islands continued directly south from Bermuda. Standing out like a beacon light was the island



*A Bermudian Highway*

that is called "Napoleon's Hat." Since Dutch sailors swept the seas with brooms at their mastheads, this isle of Saba has been the retreat of Dutch sea-going men and families. A Dutch colony, including many retired sailors, has dwelt there for generations. The boats built on that island are the best in the Caribbees. The wood is imported and when the craft is finished it is lowered over the cliffs.

On the scenes of his naval conflict I read Southey's "Life of Nelson" which provided a most interesting picture of the colonial history of the United States.

A group of Americans with Canadian cousins landed in the small boat at the Island of Nevis splashing about with little "pomp and circumstance". Not far from where the boat first touched land was an old crumbling stone wall surrounding the

ruins of a house in which large trees had already grown to a towering height. This was the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, the friend, secretary and confidant of George Washington, and the first Secretary of the Treasury, who founded our form of fiscal government and had much to do with the writing of our Constitution. From the steps of this old house, the lad Alexander Hamilton, at the age of fourteen, broke the home ties and started on his road of destiny, to help found the first Republic in the western hemisphere. This was the only foreign shore that George Washington ever visited, for he came here with his brother Laurence, who was suffering from consumption. The brother died, but this visit to Nevis with its sad and yet happy memories, associated with the activities that surrounded the Bath Inn and the spring that made Nevis the social center of the Leeward Islands, may have influenced Washington when they first met, to employ the lad Hamilton who arrived poor and friendless from the only foreign shore Washington ever had visited.

The companionship of a cruise is after all as important as the sights to be seen, for one is here able to get outside of his squirrel trap existence and exchange views and reactions of people from distant parts in continuous hours of "just visiting." On this voyage I was able to catch up with the reading of books put aside for a leisure moment in the busy everyday grind.

It seemed incredible when the prow of the "Lady Nelson" pointed southward that so much of the world and the peoples thereof could be seen within the space of a fortnight. The Canadian National Steamships have done much towards linking the Leeward Islands with Empire and the United States. They have carried on the high traditions of British seamanship, in bringing nations closer and closer together in the bonds of trade and fellowship. The Leeward Islands still remain an isolated neighborhood, proud of its traditions of a romantic history and dreams of leisure life and affluence.



*One of Bermuda's eight  
Golf Courses*





Royal Palms and Native Huts Antique

Visitors and residents of Nevis in these days included celebrities from all over the world. Lord Nelson at the gay balls held by those "taking the waters", met the charming widow Nebsit, and wooed and won her in the magic of the tropical moonlight. The church register at Fig Tree or St. John's Church records the marriage of Britain's greatest naval hero to the beautiful widow. Strange to say, Napoleon also married a widow from Martinique, a Leeward Island. These coincidences came to mind while traveling on the boat named for Lady Nelson.

While Fig Tree is the church where a faded paper records the marriage of Lord Nelson on March 11, 1787, the actual ceremony occurred at Montpelier, a neighboring estate where Prince William, afterward King William IV was best man for Lord Nelson. Our group of happy tourists insisted that we re-enact the wedding ceremony in the old church with its open windows and tombstones in the floor with the names worn off by the treading feet, dating back almost to the time when Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame, described the island in 1607. There were too many volunteer brides for the occasion, so a scene of twin brides standing at the altar in this historic church suggested that even Lady Nelson had a rival in Lady Hamilton whose influence had much to do with the last days of England's great admiral who was killed in the battle of Trafalgar, at the age of 47.

The baths at Nevis are said to be radioactive, containing magnesium, sodium and sulphur, that relieves rheumatic and nervous affections. Gertrude Atherton, whose novel "The Conqueror" is a story of Alexander Hamilton, visited the island to obtain material and enthusiastically writes concerning the remedial baths that made Nevis "Little

Paris" of the West Indies. She was a guest at the historic Bath Inn and wrote chapters of her famous novel-biography amid scenes of his playdays. As if all the thrills could not be recorded in one volume she later wrote a vivid, graphic book replete with her descriptive powers, that will be read by tourists.

She called Nevis, "The Gorgeous Isle."

The chief occupation of the island population of Nevis today would seem to be begging under the guise of selling beads or pottery in spite of the fact that they have been well educated in the elementary grades.



English Harbour, Antigua

The Island of St. Kitts, an abbreviation for St. Christopher, honoring the name of Columbus, sugar plantations that have made millions for the planters and furnished scenes for many novels, still produce lav-



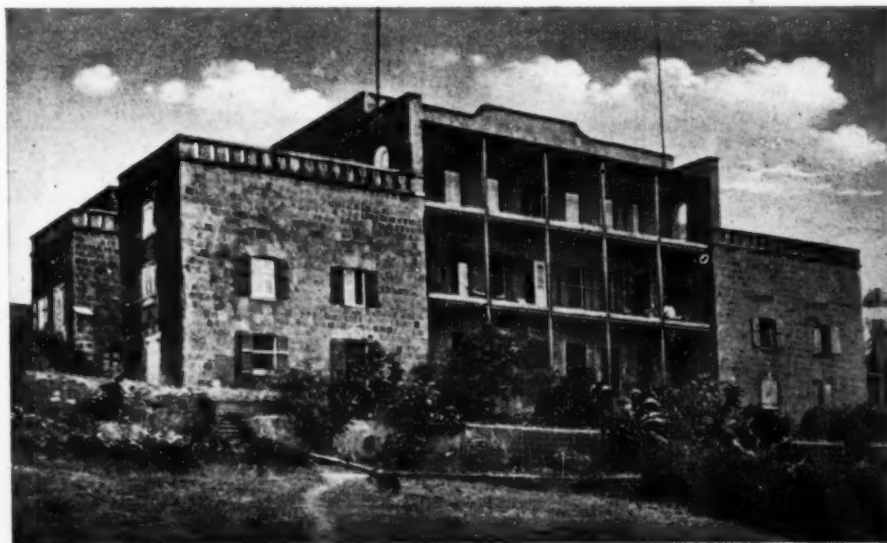
The Island of Nevis

ishly for the sweet tooth of the world. This island was the cockpit of the bloody struggles between England, France and Spain for the possession of these tiny islands that mark the entrance to the western world. Ruins of the fortress on Brimstone Hill, called the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," costing millions of dollars, are a glimpse of the grim past in eventful days. Herein 1782 a garrison of 600 men resisted the siege of 8000 French and made possible the great naval victory by Admiral Rodney, off Dominica, which won the West Indies for the British Empire.

Contented cows grazing on the parade grounds and within the crowning ramparts were a peaceful sequel to the scenes of long ago when the war blood of nations was at fever heat to possess the power to unfurl their country's flag over these tiny islands of great fringing the Atlantic outposts while they were losing the entire possession of a continent.

From this hill is viewed the old Charles Fort, one of the most modern leprosy hospitals in the world. In the early stages many cases have been cured by the new treatment. Through a glass one could see the patients wandering about the old fort among the trees that shade the trim little houses with red roofs, placidly waiting for the end of existence, as the seas beat upon the shore.

A tropical morning enjoyed in the garden of Dr. Branch a British government official, will never be forgotten. Out in the open, the coffee was sipped as the birds sang their morning carol, amid a bower of luxuriant foliage, containing even thousands of varieties of flowers and trees and shrubs in the space of a few acres. A wide veranda at the rear of the house over looking this garden was the gallery from which we viewed this picture of orchids, hibiscus, and citronella, to say noth-



Bath House Hotel Nevis

ing of breadfruit trees, avenues of palms, splashing fountains, a riot of color bringing back waves of floral fragrance. The flowers were even more heavily scented at night as they seemed to vie with the moon and beautiful skies overhead in bringing their choral of beauty to Mother Earth. To Dr. Branch and his charming family, the plant life of this garden is almost a human part of the domestic circle for the vegetation seems to perform day by day functions that were thought to be limited to animal life, such as gathering insects, providing water and food for the sustenance of the race. All this suggests what Eden might have provided.

IN the island of Antigua is located the Parliament of the Leeward Islands. Here I met the editor of a local paper, a colored man, who seemed to have very advanced ideas on national and international problems. Although it was difficult to read his paper, printed under the most primitive conditions, he was able to make known his political convictions in an emphatic way.

Here is located the old dockyard where Nelson and Rodney refitted their ships. The old guns and huge anchors and chains remain just as they were left when the last fighting frigate cleared this historical harbor, one hundred and fifty years ago.

At the port of the island of Montserrat, rugged and mountainous and volcanic a transfer was made for the return trip. Here are found the ruins of old forts, further evidence of the millions of treasure that Great Britain poured out to retain its Caribbean possessions. The island was first inhabited by the Irish and a real rich brogue still prevails.

Eventful hours were spent on this island. In our party was Mrs. Archibald, of the *Montreal Star* whose *nom de plume* is "Margaret Currie." She is known throughout Canada as the "Dorothy Dix" of the Dominion. From her busy pen have come not only articles of travel but philosophic comment and that commonsense advice that has made her an outstanding figure in newspaper and magazine work. In the *Montreal Star*, she wrote the following account of an eventful hour in Montserrat.

We arrived at Montserrat early in the morning, and trans-shipped there to the north-bound sistership, so that we only had an hour or so ashore. We went up to the botanical gardens and had a short drive with our American fellow-passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston. Many of you will remember Mr. Chapple as publisher of "Heart Songs" and "Heart Throbs." He is just the sort of person who would be interested in such books, full of the milk of human kindness and a friend to all the world. He has traveled extensively, has spoken on platforms and over the radio, has written a great deal and has published many books and magazines. He and his wife kindly let us come along with them on all the shore excursions, and at Montserrat we had an interesting experience. We were passing a school-house from which came the buzz of voices, and we stopped our carriage and went in to visit the school. The native school master told us he had 320 youngsters under his direction—they were all black and almost universally well dressed, spotlessly clean and extremely attentive. He had them sing for us and really we have never heard anything more beautiful than that chorus of children singing "Sweet and Low." Mr. Chapple gave a short talk, which they followed with keen interest,

and then they sang for us again, and we wended our way to the dock, more pleased with that little interlude than with all our sight-seeing.

A log of the cruise would be incomplete without a mention of at least some of the many new friends who shared with us the joy of this incomparable tour. There was Mr. Watterston, K.C. of Montreal, who was born in Scotland, the son of an old sea captain, and has made his way to the front rank as an attorney in the Dominion. His wife was a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, and we heard many tales that have a gripping interest of "Treasure Island" appropriate to a sea voyage. Mr. Jaffray, president of the Toronto Globe, that militant newspaper that has carried on Scotch traditions in Ontario, and Gordon Byran, of the London Royal Academy of Music who made the piano ring as he played with five fingers the Nocturri for the Left Hand concluding with Paderewski's "Theme Varie." This was followed by a chant concerning the arrival of a royal baby.

According to the experience of many travelers it is delightful to journey on British ships; tea was served at 4.30, and there was comment concerning the books we had read that day and a symposium of opinion gathered from the passengers whose total travel experiences has covered every part of the globe. The companionship of a cruise is after all as important as the sights to be seen, for one is here able to get outside of his squirrel trap existence and exchange views and reactions with people from distant parts in continuous hours of "Just visiting." On this voyage I was able to catch up with the reading of books put aside for a leisure moment in the busy everyday grind.

It seemed incredible when the prow of the "Lady Drake" pointed northward that so much of the world and the people thereof could be seen within the space of a fortnight. The Canadian National Steamships have done much toward linking the Leeward Islands with the Empire and the United States. They have carried on the high traditions of British seamanship, in bringing nations closer and closer together in the bonds of trade and fellowship.

Our white suits of the Tropics were laid aside after we left the Gulf Stream and faced the cold breezes from the Banks upon the decks, but the warmth of friendships and the memories of new friends provided a new grip on the routine problems of life at home.

The skyline of Boston harbor in the gorgeous sunset was a welcome sight, although it was to witness the parting of friends "ne'er to be forgot" sharing with memories of a notable tour to the Leeward Islands that covered fourteen eventful sunrises and sunsets, giving a horizon still further widened by travel opportunities afforded by the incomparable fleet of "Lady" boats that sail from Boston every week.

Bags were unpacked, the trophies distributed with lively anticipation of future tours that will continue to add to the sum total of exhilarating travel experiences.

The whistles of the boats in Boston harbor are a call to the innate impulse to travel and shake off prejudices, "regulating" imagination by reality and instead of thinking how things *may be*, to see them as *they are*. This was a conclusion of Dr. Johnson after making the first English dictionary enabling us to find the word to express ourselves concerning the high spots in the vicarious voyages of life.

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(Dept. NJ)



## The Historic Port of the Bay Colony

(Continued from Page 57)

time was wasted in spotting a point four feet square before the gang plank could be lowered. An extra man on the pier was required to give the captain signals for squeezing in at this comparative needle point on the dock. A citizen of Boston was on the dock waiting to welcome a friend and make a close connection by train at the South Station nearby. He put the situation in so graphic and emphatic a manner that I feel it is worth while paying attention to our customers:

"Why does not the Commonwealth of Massachusetts take away a few hundred feet of that cement wall on the apron and save the time and temper of the traveling public, to say nothing of needless expense and delay to the steamship company bringing passengers and traffic to Boston."

If we want more of the established lines to help out in connection with the port of Boston and build up a popular passenger port for Massachusetts, and New England, why not dig away with a few hundred dollars a needless cement wall and help expedite the service.

There was no need of this argument or comment, for I found on inquiry of Commissioner Lyman and the engineer Mr. Ferguson that the money had been appropriated, but technicalities of letting a contract had interfered with having the work done as soon as it was planned. The spirit of cooperation with steamship companies and the port commissioners augurs well for bringing new lines to Boston and help out the citizens of the state with additional revenue in taxes that in the aggregate will represent a goodly dividend on the one hundred million dollar investment which to the two million people of the state—a definite five hundred dollar ownership share for every man, woman and child in the state of Massachusetts in the dock facilities controlled by the state.

That is why this state property dating back to the days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony should interest the people in its development and conservation that will yield the same measure if not more of profits to future generations in property value as it has in the past.

Richard Parkhurst, Secretary of the Boston Port Authority, has sent a letter to the other members of the port authority in which he declared that the Port of Boston is rapidly finding its way out of depression times. The letter follows:

Sometimes people tell us that the Port of Boston does not amount to much and that it is rapidly drying up. I wish they had been with me yesterday when I made a harbor inspection trip. In this single afternoon I saw loading or discharging passengers and cargo ships from India, the Dutch East Indies, Mediterranean ports, Belgium, Australia, Mexico, Central America, U. S. West Coast and Gulf ports and Maine and Canadian ports.

At the present time there is in fact

## Now it's "Let's Go to Chicago"

(Continued from Page 45)

latest automatic housekeeping facilities and the latest modernistic trends in interiors as well as adaptation of established modes to the modern idea.

A fit summing up of the great strides forward of the machine age were the exhibits in the Hall of Social Science of modern education of the child and the adult. Fitting the individual to adjust himself and live in the whirl of progress is an essential to the better life of the individual human being.

It was a night not only for a thousand, but seemingly of a million stars. The night has its magic, especially when the moon and stars are out in their full glory, challenging the brilliant illuminations for the franchise of the skies. I embarked on the lagoon in the lights shining from Admiral Byrd's South Pole ship, "The New York." Aboard were the very men, greeting visitors, who were with him in little America, the farthest known habitation of men. Somehow it made us feel cool, and the witchery of the moon adorned by the riot of color in the fireworks, and the flood of prismatic hues from the searchlights made it all seem like another world. Gondolas glided by with Venetian boatmen made me think of the late Ethelbert Nevins and his "Night in Venice." Circling about the Enchanted Island we felt indeed as if we were transported to another realm, although in the distance there was the sound of revelry from the carefree throngs on the Midway area.

On an eminence stood out a building in yellow and vivid green, a reproduction of the temples of the ancient Maya people. It recalled scenes of those ancient shrines in Central America that I had visited, after Lindbergh had located in the jungle many forgotten cities from the air. It also recalled the trip to Bagdad, the ruins of Ninevah and Babylon in the valley of the Euphrates. This made it all seem like an Exposition of centuries of progress rather than the revelation of the advancement made in the one hundred years that found this very site a struggling settlement on Fort Dearborn, and the first house in Chicago, standing in the amazing spotlight of progress—indissolubly associated with the spirit of the Great Midwest the invincible slogan of the Chicagoan's *I WILL*.

The people of the country who have not been there are already saving their pennies to "Go to Chicago" and drink deep at the Pierian Spring of wonderment represented in this incomparable Century of Progress.

a gratifying increase in import coast-wise and intercoastal business and if and when we can add to this a satisfactory flow of export commerce this port, comparatively speaking, will have nothing to complain about. It is going to take some time to develop the entire picture, but I feel that we are well on our way.

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## Frederick Converse, American Composer

(Continued from Page 55)

tone poem and it is in this field that he has achieved his greatest distinction. His firm grasp of large orchestral forms, his ability to unite episodes, and his facility in introducing melodious themes point to a mastery in the art of intelligent composition that is the envy of many a present day composer. He manifests striking ability to write music on a large scale without having to conform to set modes of composition.

In his meritorious opera "The Pipe of Desire" he disregards the melodramatic form usually adopted by operatic composers and substitutes in its stead, an idealistic and philosophical plot refreshing in its poetic fervor and vivid imagination.

The influence of European composers is apparent in Mr. Converse's works of the earlier and middle periods. A tendency toward solid formation and logical working out of developments in his compositions show the influence of the German Schools. Although at times his works lack inspiration, yet they are never cheap or artificial in texture. The spontaneity and vividness of his later compositions, especially the symphonic tone poems, assure him a place of distinction among American composers.

While his music is not impressionistic, he obtains beautiful effects by various orchestral and harmonic devices.

Mr. Converse has written in practically all the known forms of composition and has to his credit 21 large orchestral works, five choral works, eight pieces of chamber music, four operas, several short piano pieces and other small compositions of minor importance. Twenty of these are still in manuscript, and all but six of the entire list have been publicly performed.

There are few song composers who have achieved such a large measure of success as far as the relation between his art and the public is concerned as has Frederick Shepherd Converse.

The author acknowledges with appreciation the assistance of Miss Ruth Severance of the New England Conservatory in the gathering of the material in this article.

## Discovery of Anonymous Author

(Continued from Page 53)

made one day by one of my Professors when he said that everyone should have an avocation as well as a vocation. My avocation is the writing of poetry and I enjoy it except on occasions when the muse starts to work in the middle of the night and I have either to lie awake till morning and keep repeating my poem over and over or else get up and write it down so it will not escape.

"I graduated from the Conference Course of Study for the Methodist Episcopal Church and was ordained Elder in the year 1910. I have enjoyed all my pastorates and ap-

preciate my present pastorate especially because it is in the land of the Limberlost and the Limberlost Cottage where Gene Stratton Porter wrote her novels is in the town and occupied by members of the Church of which I am now the Pastor."

There is editorial satisfaction in finding an anonymous author, but the story of the pastor living amid the scenes so graphically described by the late Gene Stratton Porter, one of the popular novelists of her time is of interest to those who have read the story of the "Land of the Limberlost." Mrs. Porter was especially interested in the collection of "Heart Throbs" and sent in her contribution of a favorite poem.

It is a great pleasure to have known that Mr. Fallis is the author of this poem after all these years, and we unite with the lovers of "Heart Throbs" in sending greetings to him with all good wishes, hoping he will keep on invoking the Muse in the state that has been made famous through the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. Indiana, the center of population of the United States, has also become a center of literary and poetic production that has contributed much to American literature.

## Cowboy Behave!

(Continued from Page 52)

Maybe you or Ann had better tell him."

When Tim rode in later after a hard day chasing strays in the foothills she was waiting for him on the porch. He sat there at Abigail's feet, holding the reins of his tired pony.

"Timothy," she said: "The day you came to the station you reminded me of people I knew long ago. David Holly married a schoolmate of mine and took her way out west. I heard from her now and then, and she wrote of her little boy, named Timothy after his grandfather. And then, after what happened at San Jose, I wanted very much for all I suspected to prove true.

"David Holly was a poor man but Deborah Sampson was the most fortunate girl in the village. Everyone was astonished when she left that big house and went to live in a cabin way out among the savages. She was an only child and her father was left alone. And then Deborah and David had to die in a flooded river, their little boy, too, as everyone thought. But we know now that the little boy lived, and Squire Sampson, your grandfather, is here to take you home."

Tim sat long in silence, a tumult of emotions choking back the words he tried to speak.

"I'm sure proud to have a name of my own, ma'am," he said at last in a voice that sounded to him strange and far away. "An' folks, an' mebbe a chance to learn and be somebody. And do you reckon my—my decorum will make him ashamed o' me back there—the Squire?"

"Oh Tim," Abigail laughed, laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder. "I can't quite tell you all we think of your—decorum—but he's the happiest, proudest man in all the west. And if those who cross the great river sometimes look back upon this side—I think Deborah's happy too."



